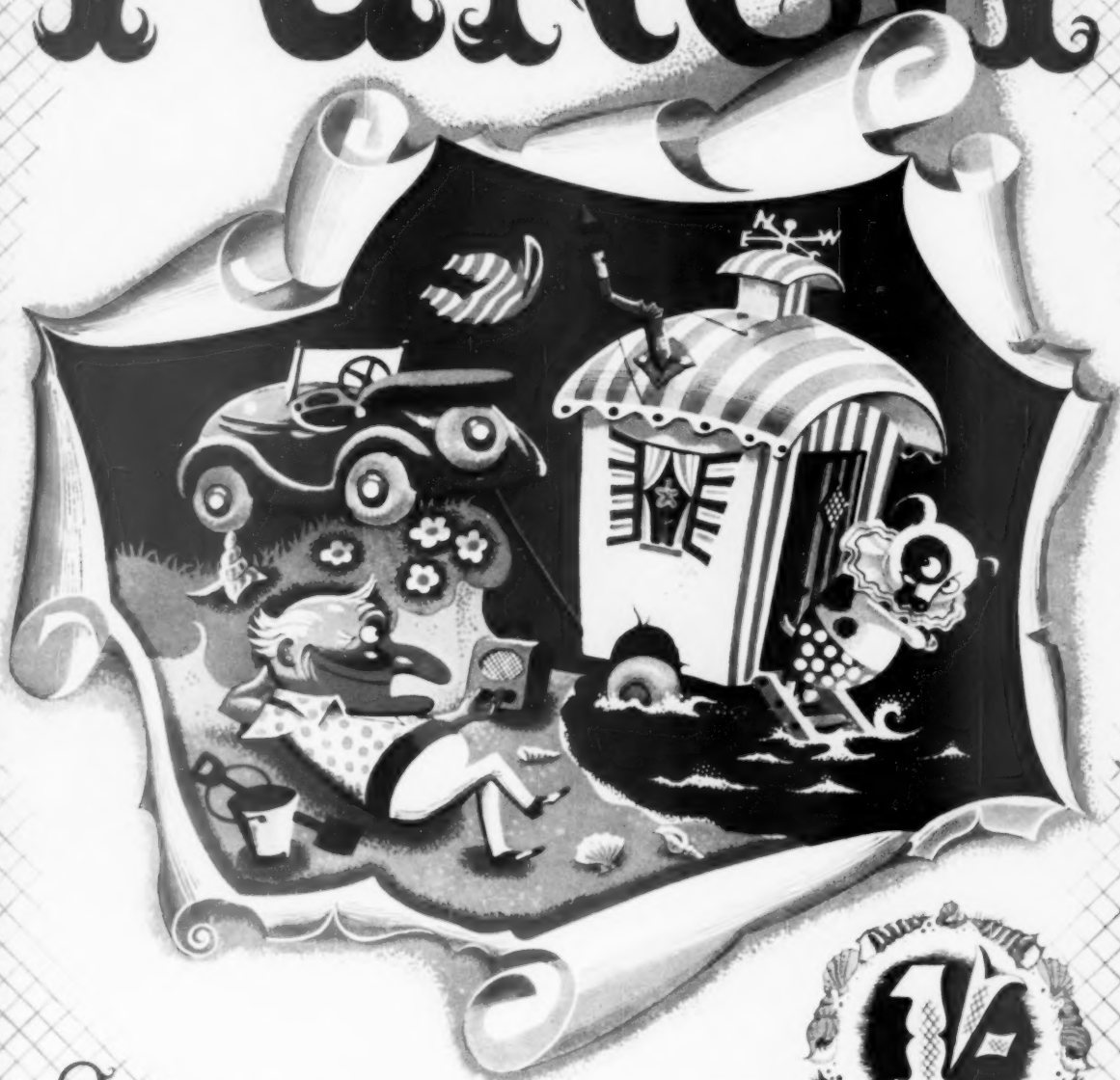


PUNCH



SUMMER NUMBER





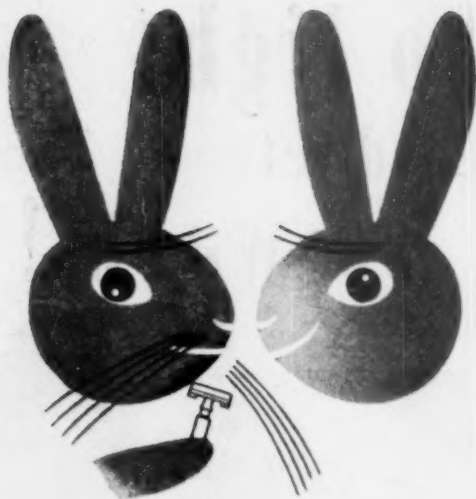
The purr of wheels as the bors d'œuvres glide by . . . and the discreet squeak of a cork yielding its treasure of fine wine. The bubbling of soft laughter from a distant table . . . and the echoing tinkle from the crystal drops of the candelabrum. Two half remembered bars of magic from the ballet's pas de deux . . . the blessed knowledge that there's no further need to hurry on . . . And for perfection, one thing more—

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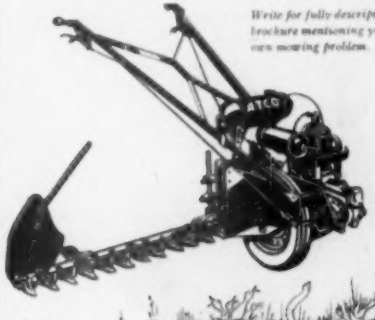




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Foundations

For all day-

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★ KEPKOLD LTD. are the originators of the evaporation method of keeping food fresh.

MRS. CRISP IN THE WEETABIX CEREAL



So we all had supper with Brown Betty



OF COURSE YOU'LL STAY, MY DEARS—NO, IT'S NO BOTHER! BILL, YOU FINISH THE CROSS-WORD AND I'LL INTRODUCE JANE TO BROWN BETTY.



BROWN BETTY SOUNDS MOST INTRIGUING, MRS. CRISP! IS IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE?

SIMPLIFY ITSELF JANE! FIRST MELT 2 OZ. OF MARGARINE AND 2 TABLESPOONS OF SYRUP IN A LARGE PAN...



NEXT, TAKE 6 WEETABIX. CRUMBLE THEM INTO LARGISH PIECES, ADD A TEASPOON OF GROUND CINNAMON, AND MIX. NOW, WHILE THE OVEN'S WARMING UP—



GREASE A DEEP PIE-DISH AND LINE WITH A LAYER OF THE MIXTURE. NEXT, A LAYER OF SIEVED APPLE, THEN ANOTHER OF MIXTURE AND SO ON. 5 LAYERS IN ALL.

And so Brown Betty goes into the oven. "By the way," says Mrs. Crisp "a squeeze of lemon juice on each apple layer adds piquancy".



IF IT TASTES AS GOOD AS IT SMELLS MRS. CRISP, BROWN BETTY'S GOING TO BE A BIG FAVOURITE IN OUR HOME, TOO!



NOW YOU HUNGRY MAN, GET THIS INSIDE YOU! AND GET JANE TO MAKE IT FOR THE CHILDREN, TOO. WEETABIX ISN'T JUST A BREAKFAST FOOD!



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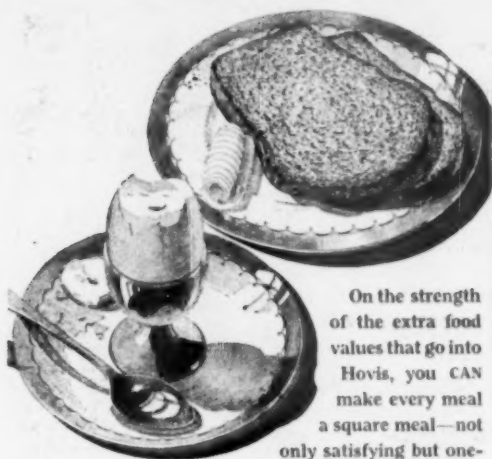
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On the strength of the extra food values that go into Hovis, you CAN make every meal a square meal—not only satisfying but one-and-a-half times more nourishing...

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for that**



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it stands in a class by itself*



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P.758A



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... to-day everybody's favourite is



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CRAMPED QUARTERS?

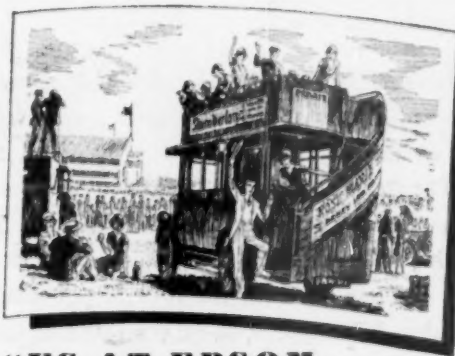


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Slumberland
MATTRESSES

THERE'S A LIFETIME OF BETTER SLEEP IN A SLUMBERLAND!

A quart in a pint Pot!

The new 4½ cu. ft. Coldrator C.T.45 stands only as high as a table... yet it holds just as much as the conventional model that towers above it!

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which one to take a crack at."

"A celebration last night I presume. If you had taken the precaution of mixing Rose's Lime Juice with your gin, your head would be as steady as a middle stump in the tea interval."

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ROSE'S—for Gin and Lime



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INTO a medium sized glass pour a measure of 'Myers'. Add about 6 drops of lime or lemon juice, using the fresh fruit if possible. Put in a couple of cubes of ice, and add ginger ale to your taste. Stir gently and serve cold. A grand, refreshing drink!



70° PROOF

THE
DARK & MELLOW
RUM

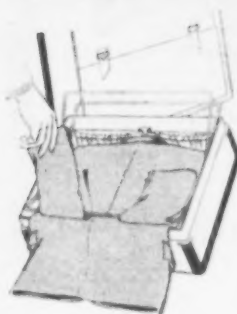
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No tissue paper! No pressing out!

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**there's nothing
to touch it!**



SIX OF THE BEST, SIR!

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BLUE Original Mixture... a balanced blend of Virginia and Oriental Tobaccos

YELLOW Straight Virginia type tobacco cut from the cake, in broken flake form

GREEN Genuine Scottish Mixture blended from Empire-Grown Virginia and Oriental Tobaccos.

BROWN Ready-rubbed Navy Cut, finely shredded and toasted to a rich dark brown

PURPLE A blend of Empire-Grown Virginia tobacco rolled and cut into discs



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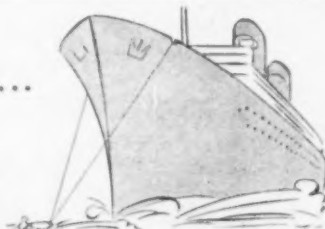
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made underwear! Be on top of



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dropped to them by parachute.
Such enterprises require immense
resources in capital, skill and
equipment.

The Esso organisation locates,
produces, refines and distributes
petroleum in many parts of the
world, investing vast sums of
money to improve and increase
the supply of petrol and high-
class lubricants.



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equipped laboratories to
produce new and better
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At first-class garages all
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You have only to taste it to know why "Black & White" keeps growing in popularity. Blended in the special "Black & White" way it is a Scotch that is a joy to drink at all times and for all occasions.



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By Appointment
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And if you say it by "Greetings" or GLT rate, you say it very inexpensively. Do you know that you can send a social message to any part of the Commonwealth for 5/-? To some parts it costs even less. If you telephone your cable ring the nearest Cable and Wireless office, or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams", say you want GLT rate and dictate your message. You can hand in a cable at any Cable and Wireless branch or any Postal Telegraph office.

5/-



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A little comfort goes a long way. Seasoned travellers prefer Air France because of its unerring instinct for comfort and good living. You can read about it in an absorbing book called "Flying Holidays" which describes in great detail and with copious photographs and maps the Air France Service and the romantic holiday resorts it serves. You are invited to obtain a copy from your Travel Agent, your nearest Air France branch office or from the address below.



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BY ROYAL COMMAND

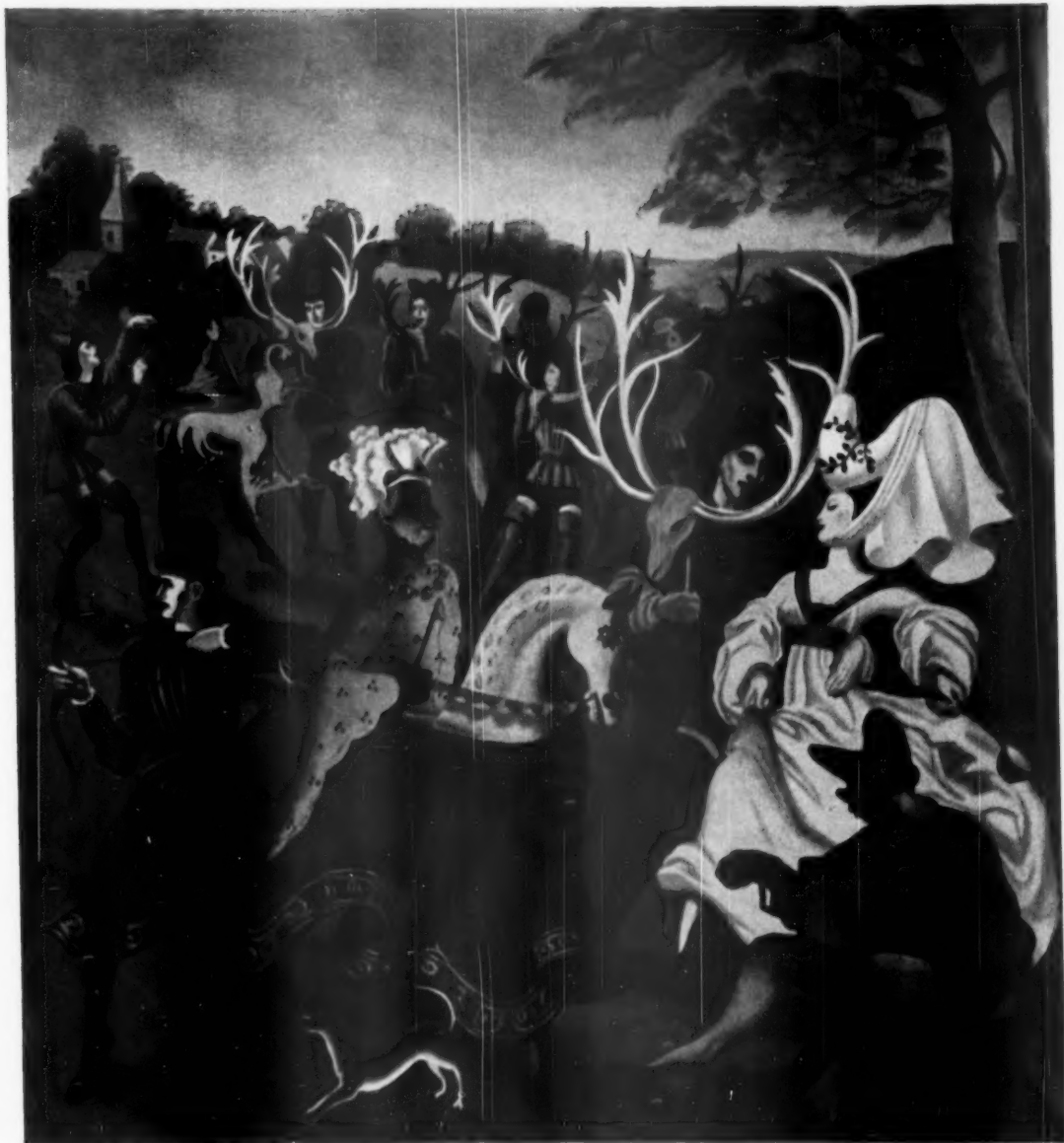
'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



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for

NEW TIMES

Country dances are museum-pieces even in the country. Nowadays it's the SAMBA. And of course SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE. Schweppes quietly lending its name to the language, goes equally well with rhythms ancient or modern. Schwepperverscence lasts the whole drink through.



Model B-4A (17' plus £18-17-6 Purchase Tax.

This new Frigidaire holds your week's supply of perishable foods!

Yes, there's a handy place in this new Frigidaire for every size and shape and type of perishable food . . . and enough room for a week's supply of milk, butter and eggs, meat and cheese, fruit and vegetables, frozen foods and desserts.

See this new Frigidaire today at your Frigidaire Dealer's. He will show you *more* of everything you want—*more* value, *more* protection for food!

ONLY Frigidaire has ALL these features!

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Automatic Cold Control to maintain desired temperatures.

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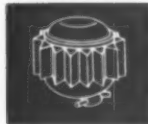
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The simplest cold-making mechanism ever built. Silent, sealed in steel, viled for life—actually uses less current than an ordinary light bulb.



**Backed by a
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—your protection against service expense on the "Meter-Miser" for 5 years.

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OVER 11 MILLION BUILT AND SOLD!

MADE IN ENGLAND BY FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD., LONDON, N.W.9.

Punch, May 22 1935



Be lavish with Lavender ...



That's the way to surround yourself with perpetual freshness. And why not? Yardley Lavender is one of the pleasures of life that every woman can afford every day. Accent its delicate presence by using Lavender Soap and Dusting Powder, too.

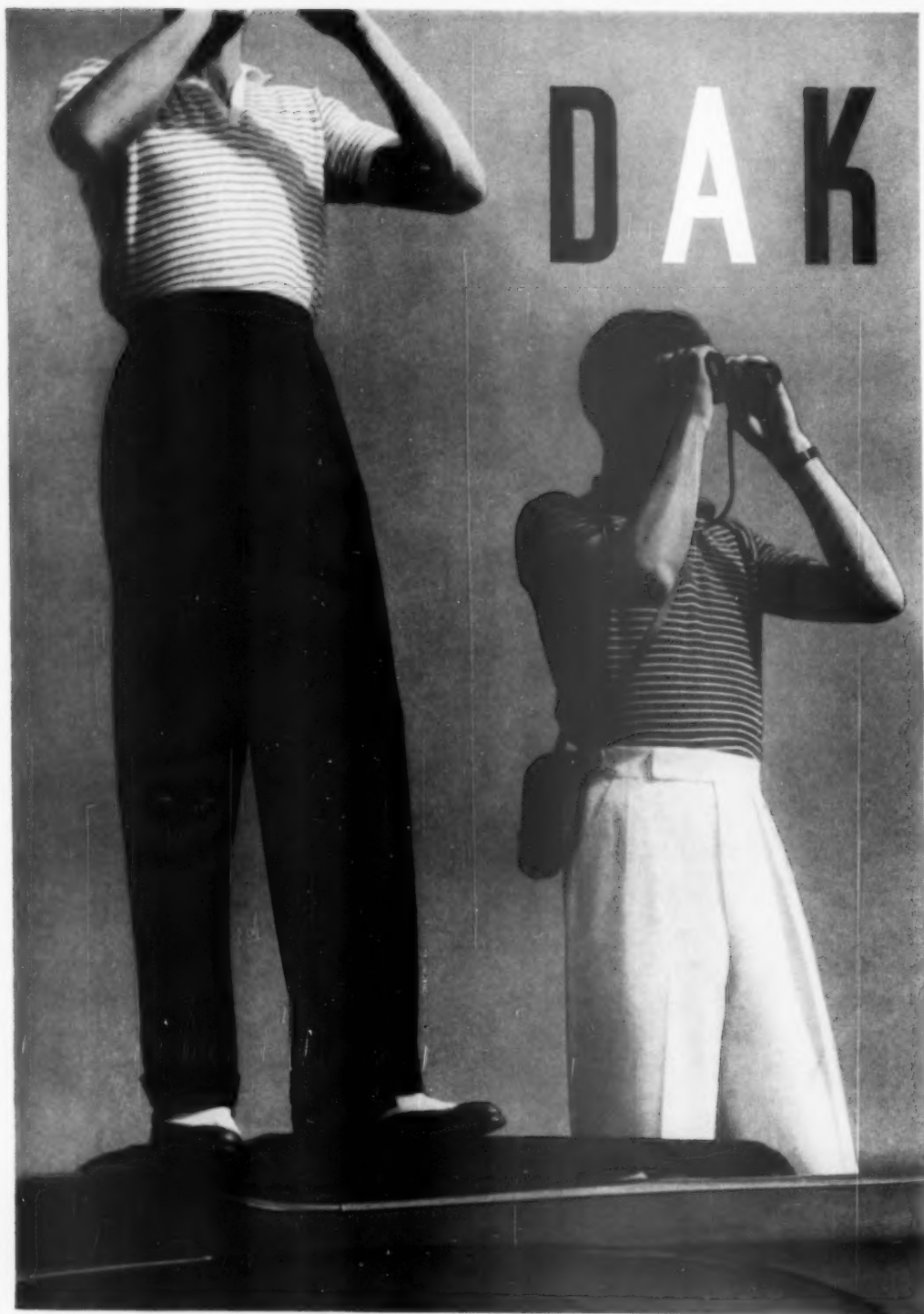


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the famous comfort-in-action trousers

TAILORED BY SIMPSON

Made to make friends

Say "Have a CAPSTAN" — and see how popular you'll be! This really good cigarette, made from the finest leaf and blended to perfection, is just made to make friends.



Have a CAPSTAN

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.



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'Celanese'
UTILITY UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN

Also ask to see 'Celanese' UTILITY SPORTS SHORTS • TIES

Ever-Ready Ambassador RAZOR SET

with the unique
safety lock

This new Ambassador set is unique in more ways than one. It contains the superb Ever-Ready deluxe one-piece snap-action chromium plated razor and six Ever-Ready Corrug Blades—quite enough in itself to please any man who enjoys really comfortable clean shaves.

But that is not all. The case is safety locked. It can only be opened by simultaneously pressing the two catches at either end of the case. A full adult finger span is needed to achieve this so that, where there are children in the house, the danger of accidents to inquisitive little hands is entirely removed.



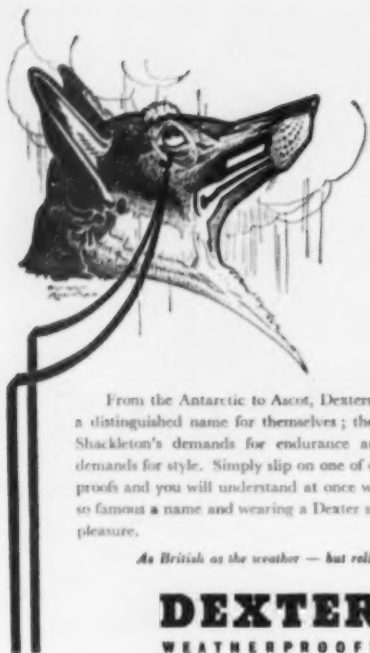
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12/6

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Ever-Ready Ambassador Razor Set

Obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites, Stores and Chemists everywhere.



From the Antarctic to Ascot, Dexters have made a distinguished name for themselves; they have met Shackleton's demands for endurance and Society's demands for style. Simply slip on one of our weatherproofs and you will understand at once why Dexter is so famous a name and wearing a Dexter so practical a pleasure.

As British as the weather — but reliable.

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Obtainable from Leading Outfitters Everywhere.

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My word
for underwear is

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and for
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J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.

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always
wears and recommends -

LOTUS



The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted during the stroke.

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Elegantly proportioned and giving complete protection to the contents, the **ANTLER Airlight** Case is an entirely new conception in light, low priced luxury luggage for discerning men and women.

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Gin Distillers to H.M. King George VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

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DRY GIN



*Definitely
Superior!*

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.
37/4 PER BOTTLE 16/11 HALF BOTTLE
THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE
SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

The Plug for **MORRIS**



K.L.G. type F.50 is the plug for
all Morris Cars, 1935 onwards.
PRICE 5/- EACH

SMITHS

K.L.G. PLUGS

EXPERIENCE has proved them
"too good to miss!"



SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LIMITED, CROOKWOOD WORKS, LONDON, E.W.2
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LIMITED



The new Rover Seventy-Five

Progress in profile! Everyone knew that when a new Rover made its appearance, it would not only be an uncommonly fine motor car, but would be of a design prescribed not by fashion but by sound engineering advances. Here it is — the new Rover 'Seventy-Five'. Faster, safer, more comfortable and more economical, it is a worthy successor in a high quality lineage.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

The Rover Company Limited Solihull Birmingham & Devonshire House London
CVC-123



I thought it was in
dock, Dick?

"Oh, that was yesterday: I've had a fresh engine put in."

"But you can't get an engine changed as quickly as that!"

"You can with Ford Service Facilities. What's more, I've got an engine straight off the production lines at Dagenham, tested and guaranteed to the same standards of efficiency as the brand-new job and it cost me less than a rebore and general overhaul."

IN MOTORING—

most for your money means

Ford

IT'S
GOOD!



IT'S
JOLLY
GOOD!



IT'S
MONK & GLASS
CUSTARD



JELLIES
TOO!

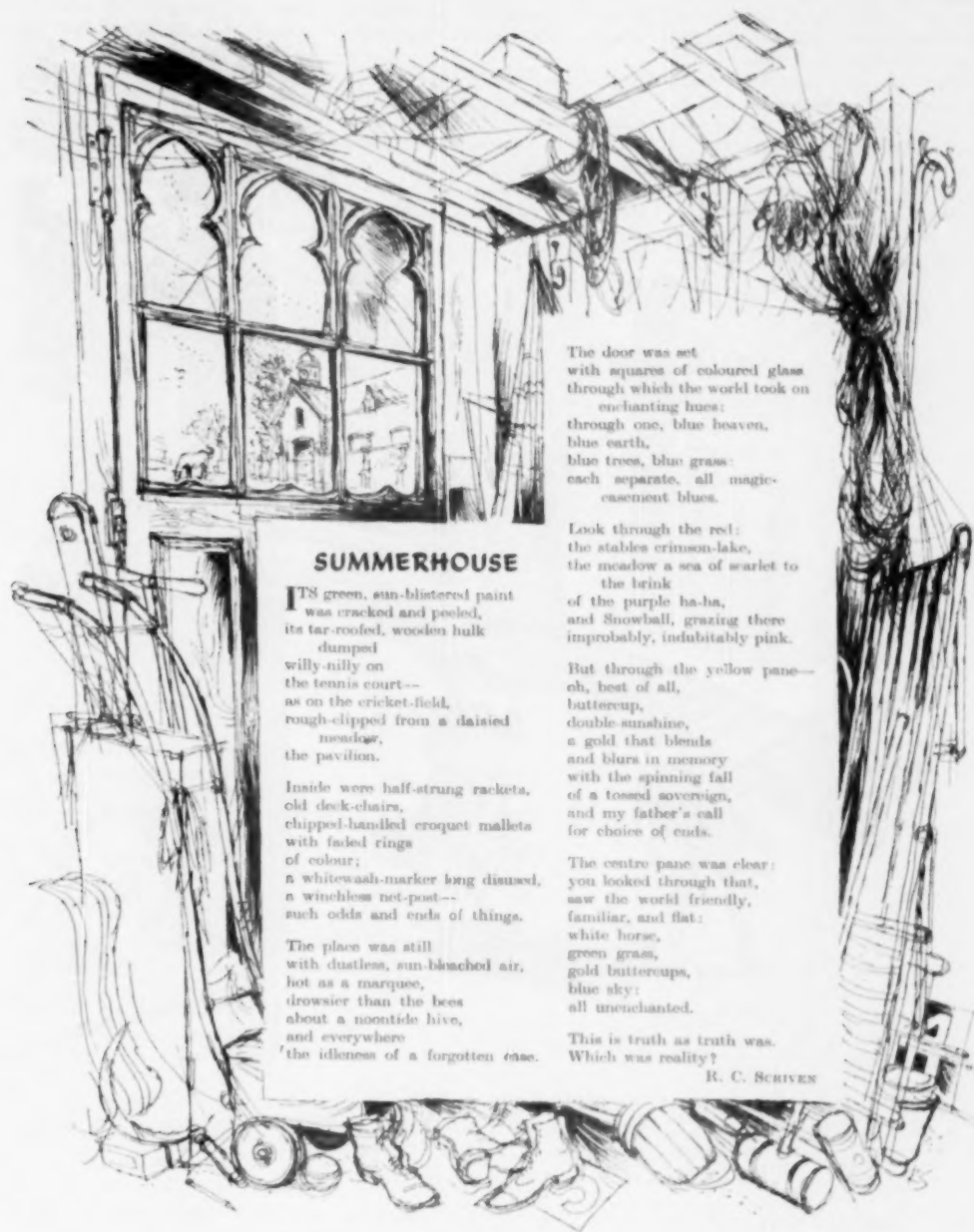
Monk & Glass Table Jellies have
long been favourites for flavour.

VOLUME CCXIX
SUMMER NUMBER 1950



"After all, what can they see of life?"





SUMMERHOUSE

ITS green, sun-blistered paint
was cracked and peeled,
its tar-roofed, wooden hulk
dumped
willy-nilly on
the tennis court—
as on the cricket-field,
rough-clipped from a daisied
meadow,
the pavilion.

Inside were half-strung rackets,
old deck-chairs,
chipped-handled croquet mallets
with faded rings
of colour;
a whitewash-marker long dimmed,
a winchless net-post—
such odds and ends of things.

The place was still
with dustless, sun-blanched air,
hot as a marquee,
drowsier than the bees
about a noontide hive,
and everywhere
the idleness of a forgotten ease.

The door was set
with squares of coloured glass
through which the world took on
enchanting hues:
through one, blue heaven,
blue earth,
blue trees, blue grass:
each separate, all magic-
casement blues.

Look through the red:
the stables crimson-lake,
the meadow a sea of scarlet to
the brink
of the purple ha-ha,
and Snowball, grazing there
improbably, indubitably pink.

But through the yellow pane—
oh, best of all,
buttercup,
double-sunshine,
a gold that blends
and blurs in memory
with the spinning fall
of a tossed sovereign,
and my father's call
for choice of ends.

The centre pane was clear:
you looked through that,
saw the world friendly,
familiar, and flat:
white horse,
green grass,
gold buttercups,
blue sky:
all unenchanted.

This is truth as truth was.
Which was reality?

R. C. SCRIVEN



"Some oak's carved on the great oak tree, proper, two hearts conjoined in fess, charged respectively with the letters A H and E F and transfix'd with an arrow, also in fess, barbed and feathered pointing sinister; all surmounted in chief by the figures 1, 9, 7 and 0. And for the legend, displayed without a label, 'Alf loves Emmie.'"

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO INCREDULOUS

"I MET such an interesting man called Mr. Twizzle last week; this week he is called Mr. Dogley. 'A lot of people have a lot of funny ideas about this and that,' he said to me, shaking the sand out of his moustache. 'Now I'm not bigoted, but—' Just then a gust of wind blew his fur-lined bowler off, and all I could catch of the rest of the sentence as he vanished round a corner was the one word 'Rosebud.'"

"I don't believe you."

"I beg your pardon!"

"I don't believe you ever met a man called either Twizzle or Dogley. I think you have invented the whole story in order to be amusing. It is not at all clever, because it is so obviously false."

"Why do you say that?"

"Twizzle, for instance; it is obviously pure invention."

"Do you know what my name is?"

"How should I? Anyway, it's immaterial."

"My name is Sossidge. Look in the telephone directory and you'll find a whole string of Sossidges. The telephone directory is full of names which are obviously pure invention."

"But Dogley too; it is too much to believe."

"What is your name?"

"Catworthy, by a peculiar coincidence."

"Well?"

"Very well, I will allow that the names are possible. But how could the man be Twizzle one week and Dogley the next?"

"Obviously, he changed his name to Dogley because some people find the name Twizzle amusing or unbelievable. Do you blame him?"

"If a man objected to ridicule he would not wear a fur-lined bowler."

"Do you think a bowler hat is an object of ridicule?"

"A fur-lined one is."

"I don't agree with you. I should never have noticed that Mr. Dogley's hat was fur-lined but for the gust of wind which took it off. Mr. Dogley, being quite bald, had

the fur for warmth. It is a very sensible idea. I shall adopt it myself when I lose this remaining ridge of hair."

"It is not so much the isolated facts which strike me as improbable. It is the combination of unusual features in the story."

"Ah, there you are wrong again; one unusual feature is generally followed and caused by others. For example: Twizzle is obviously not an English name. Assuming

Mr. Twizzle to be a foreigner, what is more likely than that he should on naturalization change his name to a purely English one, such as Dogley? He might be from Eastern Europe; that would explain the fur-lined bowler very well, as a symbol of the veneer of Westernization covering his native character."

"It explains it too well. The facts dovetail too neatly for credence."

"You are difficult to satisfy. You believe neither the single unusual fact, nor the combination of

TRUNK CALLS

"NOW whether it's short or whether it's tall,

Oak, elm or ash, I can climb them all,
And you won't see one of my family fall,"

Said *Certhia*, briskly creeping.

"You may be a dog at climbing a tree,"
Said the youngest son of the *Sittide*,

"But you can't run down head first like me

For all your boastful cheeping."

"If you think I'd stoop to a circus turn
Like yours, my lad, you've a lot to learn,"

Said *Certhia*, waxing a trifle stern
With her friend in grey and yellow;

"But there's never an insect I can't kill,
With the searching probe of a scimitar bill,
And you won't hear many

a sweeter trill
Than this of mine, young fellow."

She scarce had finished
when, "What's all this?"

Said cynical *Picus viridis*.

"Two pygmies tempting the nemesis
Of owl or cat hereafter!

I'm sure so absurdly small a bird
Was only meant to be seen, not heard.
Go to." And they went without a word

In a burst of mocking laughter.



unusual facts, not the perfectly normal sequence of events. You wish to ask, no doubt, about the sand in the moustache."

"That is the most unlikely fact of all, and quite isolated from the rest, I think."

"Not at all; there must be a connection. There is always a connection."

"It is inconceivable that a man would stop in the middle of a conversation to shake sand out of his

moustache. Even a man from Eastern Europe."

"As is usually the case with the incredulous, you focus your incredulity on the most plausible points of the story. If I told you I had seen a naked man in a top hat walking along Bond Street, what would you say?"

"In a top hat? Ridiculous!"

"You see, you disbelieve not the nakedness but the top hat. Actually I did see such a sight not long ago—

it was in Regent Street, and not a top hat but a straw boater, but a straw boater in Regent Street, I admit, sounds rather incredible in itself. However, that is another story. The point is that you are questioning the natural impulse of a man with sand in his moustache to shake it out."

"He would have done so before he met you."

"He may not have had time. He may not have known that there was sand in his moustache until he began to speak. The mere motion of the moustache in talking may have shaken out the sand involuntarily."

"All right. How did he come to have sand in his moustache?"

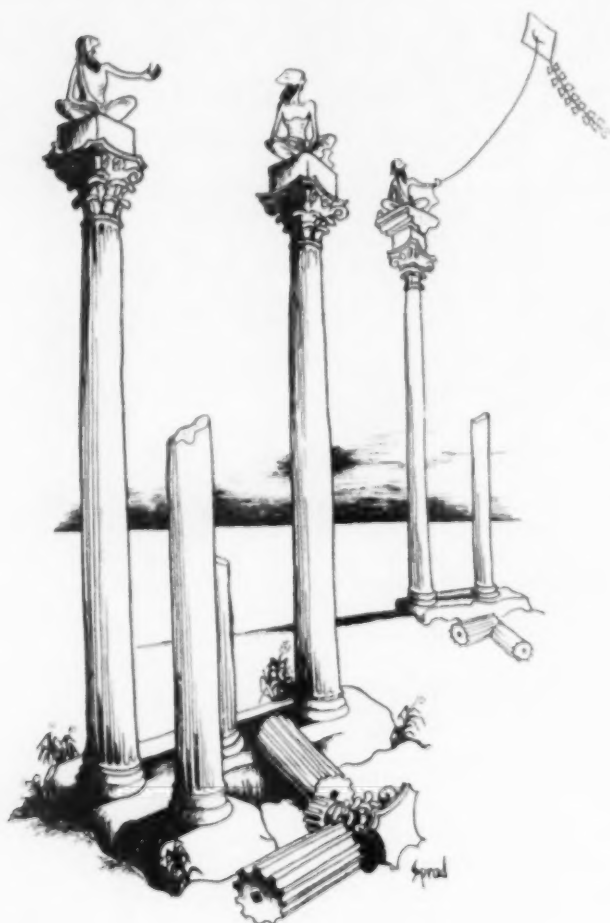
"Now that, I admit, puzzles me. He may have just arrived by air from North Africa, where he was caught in a sand-storm; or from Le Touquet even. Or he may have been lifting a sand-bag—a relic from the war—from a shelf in his potting-shed to make room for something else, if he is a gardening man. I am not sure whether the Eastern Europeans are keen enough gardeners to do such things as last-minute thoughts before going out."

"This is ridiculous. You are spinning a web of fabrication around the incident to make it plausible."

"Not at all. I merely suggest possibilities. I may not be right, of course. He may have been sunbathing on the beach at Bourne-mouth, though that is unlikely considering the fur-lined bowler and the cold snap."

"Wait. I have it. 'Rosebud.' That I will never believe. It is pure Orson Welles."

"Ah, you have me! I did, to tell you the truth, invent that. I thought that it would make the story more interesting. But it is a minor point. The incredulous always pick on an unimportant point which is not altogether true, and thus claim to have disproved the whole story. It is quite ridiculous. For instance, I was telling an anecdote to a friend of mine one day, as we rode our camels down a little back-street in lower Tibet looking for a shop which sold embossed brass bed-knobs . . ."



"There he goes again with his mad craving for excitement."



CONVERSATIONS IN UPPER THAMES STREET

Building a Pier

THE man in the bicycle clips held the sauce bottle upside down over his plate and waited patiently. With his free hand he reached for the mustard.

"If there's anything worse than sauce in Irish stew it's mustard with mutton," Thorn observed, watching with distaste as a thick dark blob slid out of the neck of the bottle.

"Eat it with everything," said the man in the bicycle clips.

"But not that French stuff in jars," said Irma. "We bought a seven-pound jar once because we thought it would do after to put a fern in. Nobody would eat it, and in the end it went so hard that Jim broke the jar trying to get it out."

"Spread pretty thick on a thin arrowroot biscuit and toasted . . ."

"Jim as was here before Harry was that left when Bert came!" interrupted one of the van-men. The man in the bicycle clips began morosely to eat.

"No, our Ethel's Jim when he was on compassionate leave that time," Irma explained. "It was him we bought the seven-pound jar from. He brought it from Normandy thinking it was *pâté de foie gras* and worth a fortune. He couldn't make up his mind for a long time whether to take three-and-six from us for it as mustard or take it back and crown the chap he bought it from for fifty fags and a bar of soap."

"Which did he do?" asked George, only half attending.

"Like I told you: don't you ever listen!"



"Listen!" snorted Bella, who was embroddering a spider B.R. over the G.W.R. on her cap-badge. "Never worth listening, these days. Remember Band Wagon and Hi Gang and those? Trixie and me had an audition for that once, but the standard was higher then and by the time the standard was lower I reckoned Trixie was past it, so I never broached the topic no more."

"Nothingsadder than the mutability of a mezzo-soprano's top notes," Thorn observed.

"Trixie isn't mute," Bella explained. "she's just hoarse."

"That's all we get in here, horses, horses, horses," the man with the sneer said. "Anybody would think we was down the back of Astley's or over at Knightsbridge Green. Horses, I get sick of 'em. I was bringing Sue up Ludgate Hill this morning, and Sue isn't a light weight when she's got twelve ton of newsprint on the back end and a steady twelve mile an hour on the clock. Bobby waves me on and then this horse and cart comes backing out—backing out, mark you—from the Old Bailey. I pushed Sue's nose almost into the horse's nosebag that was dangling off the tailboard. Bobby comes over, and a line of buses piles up behind and starts little traffic problems for the chap keeping things moving at Ludgate Circus."

"You know those two obelisks there . . ."

George began, and three of us said "Shut up."

"Chap came round as if he'd done something clever, stopping twelve ton of newsprint at twelve miles an hour on wet blocks in about three yards without getting his silly

load of empties pushed through a gents' outfitter's windows, and he says 'I suddenly thought it was a one-way street.' 'And so it is,' says the bobby, pretty patiently, 'and what's more, it's one-way that way, see?' and he points comparatively affable back the way the chap's backed back out of. 'Oh,' said the chap, 'I knew as it was



one-way one way, but I didn't know which way, and I was coming back to look at the notices and maybe consult with you if you was free a moment.' Then a chap with a big red face and three parts of his body hanging out of the front cab of a fifteen bus says 'Excuse me, could you put me right for Lovers' Lane?' and all the taxi chaps began playing tunes on their horns. That's horses for you!"

"But I thought it was the driver who was at fault," Thorn suggested. "In my experience horses back only with reluctance, and much prefer going forward. I remember when I was quite small backing a pony that was harnessed to a big roller on the cricket field. The wretched creature had great trouble in getting the roller to begin to roll, for of course none of the tackle is designed for pushing but only for pulling. Once the roller began it wouldn't stop, and

roller and pony disappeared into the pavilion, I remember. That was one of the days I was late home for tea."

"You can back a horse," Bella said, "and that's more'un you can do with a bicycle."

"Never get myself pointing where I don't want to be," said the man in the bicycle clips, proudly. "People who get off buses at traffic lights are the worst: bash into them, I always say, and teach them a lesson."

"It was being run over by a bicycle that stopped the High Commissioner from opening the pier once that we had built at Port of Spain—or it may have been Pondicherry," Thorn said. "A blazing hot morning, it was, but by midday a monsoon had blown up, or whatever they have in those parts, and it was pouring with rain. Of course, for building a pier you need plenty of rain, otherwise they try to keep you at it day and night to beat the

tides. We made a trial pier, I remember, and a lot of the Guard of Honour went with drawn swords and stood by that; it was a quarter of a mile away so they missed everything. Well, there we all were, the foreman, the architect, the local representative of the contractors whose name I can't recall, and me—I was on the books as quantity surveyor, but I was really there because they hadn't got another decent outside-left. All right, the High Commissioner could see what was going to happen when his limousine got across the track of the travelling crane, and like a flash he

nipped out and left it to go into the dock—driver, chap sitting in the front in admiral's uniform, and wife of the chief of police and all; then just as he was congratulating himself on a smart bit of strategic withdrawal this bicycle took him in the small of the back."

"I never have known where the small of the back is," Irma said plaintively. "Now, George," she added, warningly.

"There was a proper hoodoo on that pier," Thorn went on. "We



used to work like fury when the tide was out and run like rabbits when it came in. Building a bridge you are getting somewhere else, but the more you build a pier the deeper water you get into and the farther off from land, and don't anyone say under his breath 'the nearer is to France,' because this was in South America."

If my friend Thorn was ever out of England it was on a day trip to Cherbourg in the old *Balmoral* from Bournemouth, but I have always found he talks better when he is not contradicted and I said nothing.

"This pier," he continued, unaware of my interpolated note, "was for tying big ships up to, so it went well out into the bay. Towards the end the chaps driving in rivets had to stand on other chaps' shoulders under water and there was always a look-out to watch for when the hubbles stopped. We used cold rivets and concrete piles, but I won't bore you chaps with technicalities, I don't suppose you ever saw a pier built. The worst job is marking out where it's to go; we used floats and tapes, and the architect used to go out in a native dug-out and wave his arms and point with the thin end of his theodolite."

"Fascinating things," said the man in the bicycle clips. "Bought one at a jumble sale and had it for years. The way they think of these things, all mahogany and polished brass and adjustable in about three directions. The wife uses it to scare the cats off the bird-table; scares the birds, too, at that."

"Or do you spell it theodolite?" I asked.

"It isn't how you spell it, it's how you use it," Thorn chided, brushing the question aside. "I've seen them holding it by the wrong end, and all sorts. But there wasn't any of that with our man: he'd built piers before, and the mistake, if mistake it was, lay with the contractor. We built the end of the pier in exceptionally high spring tides, and when the sea went back to normal three ships that were tied to the end were left dangling out of the water. That's the only pier I ever saw that went steeply uphill as you

moved out to sea. Mind you, they don't bother in those parts."

"Silly things, piers. Pay to go on, and then the side it's sunny the wind cuts you like a knife and the other side in the shade all the seats have a coating of frost—or else they've just been painted." Henry spoke bitterly, and one or two people nodded in agreement.

"Same with the slot machines: nothing in the ones that are supposed to deliver butterscotch, matches, your name on a piece of tin, or one cigarette in a special little box; and always a queue of people waiting to be weighed. I was weighed twelve times in one day last summer," the man with the sneer said, "and when I added them all up and took the average it was three pounds out. My wife spends half her time on them instead of eating fewer potatoes; when she finds one that's a bit flattering she practically buys it. One at Ilfracombe we found out afterwards wouldn't go past eight stone anyway because it had a screw loose inside the dial, and another at Weston-super-Mare had been fixed on purpose and the chap who had it made a fortune."

"Always take my wife on to the public weighbridge," said another chap. "Not that she's a big woman, but I know the weight of the cart, and all we have to do is deduct it;

joke of it is, the keeper doesn't know it's my wife we're really weighing, and he only charges for the cart."

"The trouble is, of course," Thorn remarked, "most places that want a pier have already got one, so the trade is dying out."

"Ah, and a good many more like it," observed George. "Chap I know lodged with a chap who did the Indian rope trick. My friend used to mind it while this chap went to dinner, but there isn't the demand now."

"Minding a rope is woman's work," said the man with the sneer.

"It's pitiful when a lad's apprenticed and everything and then it turns out a dead end," Bella said. "Trixie's boy was going with his uncle but they stopped it in time—Uncle Fred, I mean, not the Inspector of Weights and Taxes one. Fred's a tow-er-home-in-the-morning of all-night coffee stalls. Proper card, he is. Knows 'em all—no names, no pack drill, but he says one chap uses beech-leaves half and half. He says Darjeeling's never met with now and hardly any of them use more than sevenpenny a quarter. That was the time, when you could collect coupons; Fred said the chap outside one big station collected enough coupons—two pound of tea a night he used—to get nearly a hundred sets of Apostle spoons in a year, and ever so many tea-cosies. Ella ripped them up and sewed them into bed-spreads."

"I'd sooner tow home coffee stalls than tar-wagons," the man in the bicycle clips said, pensively. "Terrible heavy, those iron wheels. You can never hear the kids come up behind and turn the tap on."

"I remember when I was so high," Thorn began, and everyone craned forward to see how high, "I watched must have been twenty gallon of milk run to waste out of one of those big churns on two-wheeled pony and traps. I was hidden behind the fence and I was afraid to go out and turn it off in case they thought I had turned it on."

"And had you?" Irma asked.

"Yes," said Thorn.



THE TURNING OF THE HAY

THREE shoulders thrust
In measured echelon,
Three wooden rakes,
Three pairs of arms, as one,
In scissored strokes
Moving in unison,
Lifting and turning the sunburnt
hay
While the dusk creeps down the
long day.

Three legs in equal stride
Make regular division,
Marking the meadow's side
In rhythmic soft precision.

Three feet pressed back for
balance
Crush the fresh fragrant valance
Of the swathes' tossed frills:
And the warm clover spills
Dark scent from its purple keels
Where the late bee steals
A dewy supper potion
To delight his queen.

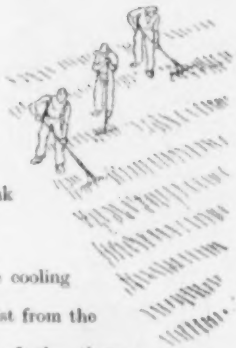
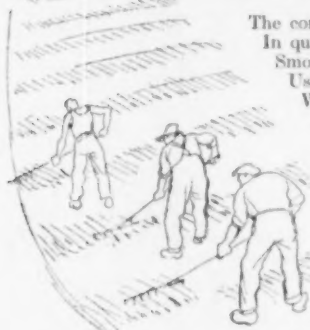
The corner sheaf is spread.
In quarter turn they swing
Smoothly and orderly
Using the farming drill
With natural skill,
In practised slow routine.

The crunching tread
Stirs the long sleeping shades,
And as the daylight fades
Three strokes of shadow grow
From the field's mown edge
To join with the dusk below
The white-starred hedge.

Three forms are dimly drawn.
They turn once more
And the swishing sheaves sink
down
On the field's brown floor.

The rising breath of the cooling
day
Wreathes in white mist from the
drying hay,
And the shapes of the three
brown men
Slip into one
Under the crescent moon.

Three merged triangles fuse
To one, with progressing peak,
And the strokes of a single rake
Make a blurred hypotenuse
That travels true as the night
Till the square of the field is
complete.



EASLepark

Yongress



"Got the morning papers, dear?"



"Yes—got your scarf, and your bathing cap?"



"Yes—remembered your notepaper and envelopes and a pencil?"



"Yes—got your nail-file and nail scissors and nail varnish and nail polisher?"



"Yes—got the bills and some stamps and all your unanswered letters and your cheque book and your fountain pen?"



"Yes—put in your singlasses and your sunburn cream and your anti-sunburn lotion and your skin food and lipstick and powder-compact and your cigarette-case and lighter and bolder?"



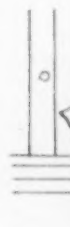
"Yes—got your spectacles and a comb and your towel and all your books, and a handkerchief?"



"Yes—and your hair-brush and sun-shade and those magazines and your writing case?"



"Yes—and your watch and your money and your pipe and tobacco and matches?"



"Good: then let's go down and . . .



. . . lie on the beach."

MUCH ADO

POTTED HAMLET

THIS story of a Danish prince's death
Will stir you—thrill you—make you hold your
breath,

And 'ope and pray 'e isn't goin' to die;
But when 'e does—you'll 'ave a LUVLY cry!

Bill Shakespeare wrote it first—before *my* time.
Tried ever so—but couldn't make it rhyme.
He made 'is prince just talk and talk; you'll see
Eleven minutes is enough for *me*.

'Amlet they called 'im. CREEKY! what a name,
Come from a land of eggs and bacon fame.
Lived in a carstle name of Elsinore,
Guarded by soldiers, two platoons and more.
One day their officer 'e seen a spook
Prahl'n' abaht with such a mournful look.
'E tells the news to 'Orace, 'Amlet's chum,
Who says, reluctant, "S'pose I'd better come."
So 'Orace seen 'im all in armour clad;
"Blimey," 'e says, "it's our Prince 'Amlet's dad!
I'll make 'im talk." But no—the spook is dumb,
Just beckons, with 'is best 'itch-'ikin' thumb,
As if to say "Somethin' *you'd* like to see;
I'll show you, 'Orace." 'Orace says "Not me!
'Ow can I reckon if you're friend or foe?
'You're not *my* father. This is 'Amlet's show."

'Orace sees 'Amlet, tells 'im what 'e's done;
So 'Amlet thinks 'e'll 'ave 'is little fun.
'Unts out the spook and finds 'im—just the
same—

And cautious-like says "Daddy, what's the game?"
And the spook answers: "Now you've come alone
I'm goin' ter FREEZE THE MARROW OF YER BONE.
Your uncle MURDERED me in foulest sin,
With poison in me ear he done me in.
I was enjoyin' me after-dinner nap
Restin' me 'ead upon your mother's lap.
She married 'im, my murderer—took 'is name."
"Oh, dear," says 'Amlet, "isn't it a shame!"
"Swear to avenge me, 'Amlet—'Amlet, swear!"
"You told me not to, dad," 'e says, "so there." (*Cock
crows.*)
"I'm goin'," says the spook. "Revenge! Be strong!"
"I'll think abaht it," 'Amlet says. "So long."

And now 'e wonders, "Can I trust the spook?
'E MAY be honest, MIGHT be just a crook;
If I can get the King to lose 'is 'ead
I can check up on what the spook 'as said."
So 'im and 'Orace played a little trick,
Clever and all, low-down to make you sick.
Put on a private acting show for sport
Performed by 'Amlet's cast before the court
In the King's theatre; not a cent to pay,
So they all come—for *love* as you might say.
The plot was this: a king comes in, lies down,
'Is brother murders 'im and takes 'is crown,

Then courts and wins the lately widdered dame
And marries 'er to 'er eternal shame.

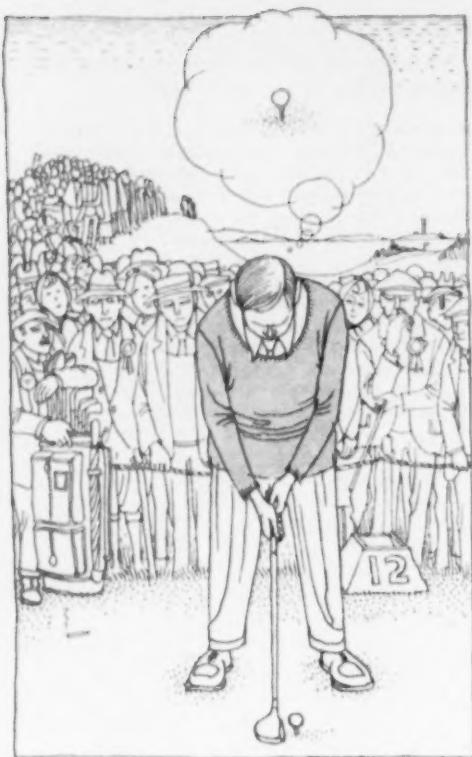
King Claud was there. Didn't 'e 'ave a fright?
"Gertrude," 'e said, "you just put on the light.
Sorry I can't be with you to the end,
I've an appointment with a waiting friend."
So sayin', up 'e jumps, the skunk—and flees
In panic into the nocturnal breeze.

Now what does 'Amlet do? 'E can't decide;
Just *talks* abaht committing suicide.
"To be, or not to be, that is the question."
Was it 'is liver? Was it indigestion?
Couldn't make aht whether to live or die;
At last 'e thought 'e'd 'ave *another* try.
Wished that 'is "too, too solid flesh would melt."
Bit aht of trainin'—that was what 'e felt.

As faithless wife and double-crossin' friend
'Is mother's conduct worried 'im no end.



"It's a gruelling ten-days' march, but
it's worth it just for the excellent mirage."



Arranged to meet 'er; thought 'e wasn't seen;
Took aht two portraits, shows 'em to the Queen.
One of 'is father—one a dirty thug
(Bein', of course, King Claud's own ugly mug).
That was too much. It made 'is mother mad.
"Ooray," thinks 'Amlet, "first round goes to
Dad."

Caught the Prime Minister a-listenin' in
And stuck 'im, like a beetle on a pin.

Awkward this was, for by a stroke of Fate
The corpse's girl was to be 'Amlet's mate.
'Er name? Ophelia. She was slim and tall
But nerry and 'ysterical and all.
'E'd bin unkind. D' you know what 'e 'ad done?
"Op it!" 'e'd said. "You go and be a nun."
'Is rudeness in the first place made 'er ill
But now—'er father's death—a bitter pill!
What 'appened! Something in 'er 'ead went bump.
And the pore girl went barmy—off 'er chump;
Put on 'er nightdress, then began to sing;
Picked flowers and even gave one to the King.

Bein' alone the King remarked 'ow rank
Was 'is offence, and even said it stank.

Seemed contrite-like but, 'is confession over,
Chartered a ship for the white cliffs of Dover.
Sent 'Amlet off to England on that boat
Escorted by two playboys—with a note.
This said "Dear English King, with your good sword
Please kill my nephew, yours sincerely, Claud."
But 'Amlet "found" and changed it, while on deck;
So the two playboys "got it in the neck."

'Amlet escapes. Facing the North Sea foam,
'E stows away and gets 'is passage 'ome.
'Ideas in a graveyard all among the ghouls
And djinns and skeletons and bats and owls.
Saw two men digging up a pore old gal,
Then reco'nized the skull of a dead pal.

While talkin' to 'isself all in blank verse
There comes a funeral, complete with 'earse.
The King and Queen were there; 'Amlet's disguised,
Just now not wishin' to be reco'nized.
The priest was there too, mumbled off some stuff
Until the mourners felt they'd 'ad enough.
And so they talked: "Ophelia is no more."
They said. "She was the pearl of Elsinore."



When 'Amlet asked them what 'ad caused 'er death,
 "Drowned," they said—"drowned for want of breath!
 'Er lover left 'er, that's the reason why.
 'Orrible, ain't it? Makes yer want ter cry."

Now when they 'itched the corpse into the grave
 Pore 'Amlet lost control, began to rave.
 'E 'opped into the tomb, 'is mind awirl,
 "Steady," said 'e. "Don't bury my best girl.
 'Amlet—that's me. If you don't think that's true,
 Pile on the stuff. Bury her—AND ME TOO!"

Ophelia's brother, young Laertz, was there,
 Returned from France, all frills and scented 'air.
 While 'Amlet talks majestic, 'e sees red,
 Jumps in and swipes pore 'Amlet on the 'ead.
 Corluvaduck! You should 'ave seen the sparks
 That ended 'Amlet's classical remarks.
 The mourners stopped the fight. In that grave hour,
 Refusin' to shake 'ands, they parted sour.

King Claud 'e sees Laertz's bitterness
 And thinks "There's somethin' I can make of this."
 Laertz must challenge 'Amlet to a match
 At fencin'. Now you'll see. 'Ere comes the catch.
 For though it *seemed* a game, all friendly-like,
 Laertz's foil would 'ave a poisoned spike.
 The Queen was told. That was a *lot* of use;
 You'll see 'ow she behaved, the silly goose.

They made a great to-do, 'erals and all
 Proclaimed the fencin'-match by trumpet-call.
 And there were silver cups. Didn't they shine,
 All brimming over with the gen'rous wine;
 'Idin' the plot, and makin' it appear
 A jovial, carousin' atmosphere.
 One cup for Claud, one for the Queen, and one
 For good Laertz, soon as 'is match was done.
 And one of special mixture, set aside
 For "our dear 'Amlet," case 'e 'adn't died.
 A silly page-boy twerp, all scents and oils,
 Bowin' and curtsyin' 'okls out the foils.
 Now watch Laertz, cat-like, with fingers deft
 Snatch 'is own foil. Pore 'Amlet 'as what's left.

The court sits round all ready for the fun,
 'Amlet's the fav'rit—bettin's three to one.
 Oh, boy! 'E's only time to get one in
 Before 'e's punctured with the dirty pin.
 'E knows 'e's scuppered, but 'e keeps 'is 'ead
 And swops the foils; Laertz's as good as dead.
 'Amlet attacks, defends, attacks again
 Until Laertz 'as felt the deadly pain.

The Queen, who 'adn't 'ad a drink as yet,
 Goes to the table where the cups are set.
 "Now let me see, *that* one's all right," she thinks:
 It wasn't—silly wench 'ad mixed the drinks.

Sez Claud "Don't touch it, for the love of Mike!"
 Then 'Amlet pinks 'im with the poisoned spike.

The Queen 'ad 'ardly noticed 'er mistake
 When she too pipped it with a stomick-ache.

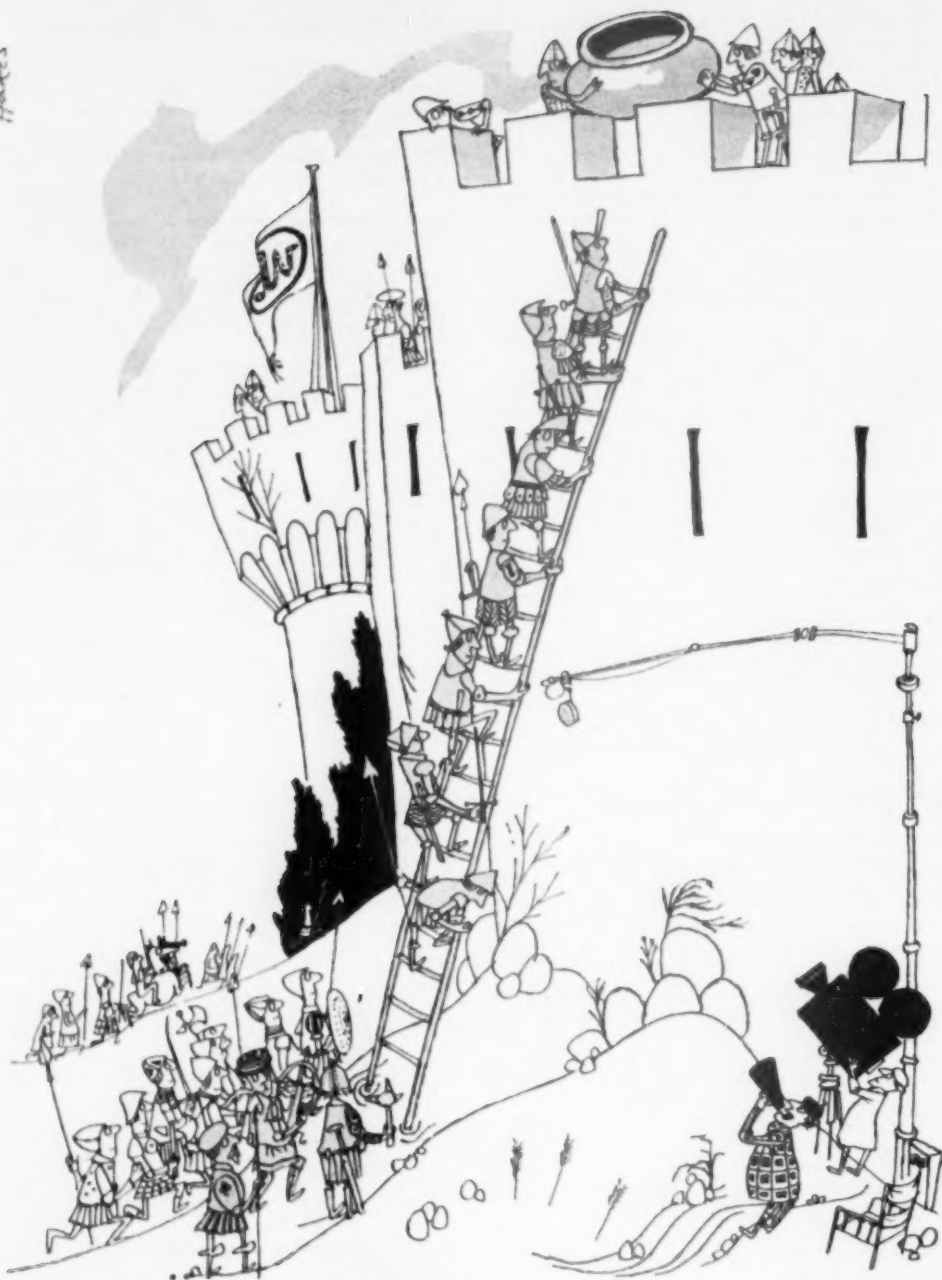
Next item, Claud collapsed. 'Is day was done
 Like the ninth nigger-boy. Then there was one,
 That's 'Orace. 'Amlet whispers in 'is ear
 "You die too, 'Orace." 'Orace says "No fear!
 Whether 'tis nobler . . . Be that as it may,
 I'd rather live to see another day."

'Amlet's last words were true as true, because
 'E said "The rest is silence" . . . So it was.



"Try to think of something
 that doesn't require dollars."

flackes



"And when they pour down the boiling oil, I want you chaps to start falling off the ladder."

The Motoring Charivari



TEST PAPER FOR DRIVERS—LITERARY

GIVE yourself ten marks for each question, whether you can answer it or not.

1 (a) Read carefully the following bogus quotations:

(i) *As the Lowland slashed the long hamlet in two and breasted the rise to Charity I stole a glance at the speedometer. Eighty-five . . . eighty-six . . . eighty-seven. Then we were clear of the cobbles at last and I put my foot down. . . .*

Two minutes later my cousin went by like the wind.

(ii) *The great headlamps bored resistlessly ahead. The wall of night, riven and shattered, fled panic-stricken before the tremendous fury of their approach. With the rush of a lift the Maxwell-Voisin dropped over the crest of the hill, and as Anthony slipped noiselessly into top—*

"Look out, man!" Pike's voice rose above the insane violence of the storm.

Either trace the connection between manliness and dangerous driving or say what you think will happen when Jonathan Mansel and Anthony Gethryn eventually meet at a cross-roads.

(b) *The lights threw a curious cat-like beam into the darkness as Poirot threw his weight on the wheel and brought the great Apsley-Guize in a deliberate skid round the hairpin. Seventy miles to go and sixty-eight minutes left. The little Belgian detective let the car have its head. The needle touched ninety-one. Then, with a low snarl, a long grey tourer slid past in a flurry of dust, and we had a momentary glimpse of a round dark figure crouched over the wheel, its wide-brimmed black hat pulled firmly down against the wind.*

"Alors!" said Poirot mildly. "Father Brown is using his little grey cylinders to-night."

Do you wish to maintain that there is something—how do you say!—*épouvantable* about that extract?

2. *"Can do seventy-six if you like. But not more . . ."*

Name twelve other women, besides lovely, laughable Iris Storm, who could do seventy-six if you liked. But not more.

3. *"Start her up, Watson."*

You had forgotten that the doctor could drive, had you not?

4. A big black limousine, a supercharged straight-eight Delaware and a battered roadster are proceeding, not necessarily in that order, down the Portsmouth Road to a lonely cottage in Hampshire. They are driven, not necessarily respectively, by a homicidal foreign agent, a private investigator of great charm and a narrator (believed to work for the *Clarion*). The names of the drivers, not necessarily genuine, are Otto Rankel, Hugh Marson and Christopher Raikes. In which car would you expect to find an unconscious girl, not necessarily called Pat, with the marks of a hypodermic needle in her wrist?

5. What can a chap like me, towing a caravan at eighteen miles an hour in the middle of the road, do to prove my manhood on the open road this summer?

(Candidates driving behind me are requested not to answer this question.)

H. F. ELLIS

THE ENCHANTED STEED

An Arthurian Legend

AR in the western woods, unbreathed and rusting, lies
The ancient steed we rode when we were young.
At the which time we pyghte, in knightly wise,
Our fair pavilion, of a meagre size,
The woods among.

One day a damosel we spied, richly bisene,
Who on a fine two-seater palfrey rode.
So seemly was, and semblant to a queen,
That we sterte up among the dapple-green
Of our abode.

Drove she unwarily through the shaws, until at last
She turned, to spere what venture lay at hand.
And, spying us, was stonied and aghast,
For that an errant knight could ride so fast
Across the land.

And walloped she away, and walloped yet amain,
Till came a time when wallop could no more.
Needless she pulled upon her palfrey's rein,
And turned, and spered. And there we were again.
Whereat she swore,

For she was orgulous, and swore a grimly oath,
Full of despite, and sharper than sharp need.
From which we understood that she was loth
Ever again for to behold us both,
Knight and his steed.

Think no mal engyn, damosel, nor shrewd intent,
Quoth we. For that repenteth us, indeed.
Your gears are all to-brast, your palfrey shent,
The night draws on, and it is time we went,
That is our rede.

For noyous paynim woneth in this holty brake,
And would embushment make of passing wight
Disparpled on the rivage of the lake.
In such a place it were a great mistake
To spend the night.

Then made that damosel unmeasurable grame,
And took the siege behind me, there to sit
And speak in angry steven of the same.
So, sadly, to a hermitage we came,
Where she alit.

And from that place we had betimes most stiffly sped,
But that our boteless steed lacked any spark.
Then laughed she wonderly, and reared her head.
Enter this hermitage, Sir Knight, she said,
For it grows dark.

So were we made accord, and of this enterprise
Made much good chere, for we were young and gay.
Meseems that steed were Merlin in disguise,
For start it never wold, and there it lies
Sythen that day.

R. P. LISTER



ST. CHRISTOPHER IN LEGGINGS

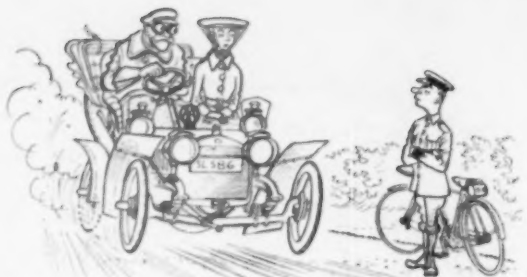
The R.A.C. and A.A.

YOU may have wondered why the early records of motoring in this country read like the cellar-book of some fabulous cobwebbed hoard in which the De Dion Boutons among the clarets and the Gottlieb Daimlers among the hocks appear prominently in the classic vintages of the 'nineties. And you may have thought that for once, perhaps, British engineers had been asleep. In fact they were very much the reverse, being the reluctant victims of a gross case of official infanticide, for which the railways, their conscience already stained by the brutal murder of the canals, were chiefly to blame.

It is a long and sordid story, but a few facts are worth noting. As early as 1830 steam coaches were plying regularly and economically on the roads of England. Gurney's, for example, ran between Cheltenham and Gloucester at twelve miles an hour at a cost of fourpence an hour for coke, while a horseless carriage built by Ogle and Summers impressed a Select Committee of the House of Commons by reaching thirty-five miles an hour and running eight hundred miles without a breakdown. These performances were too startling for the railway speculators, who went up, as they habitually did, in smoke. In 1836 their adroit lobbying gave birth to the pantomime monster whose shadow was to blanket British ingenuity for sixty years, *The Man With the Red Flag*; and that, apart from the odd irrepressible folly, was

the end of the steam coach. Further Acts of Parliament confirmed this evil dominion, until at length the position grew so ludicrous that even legislators could no longer ignore it, and in 1896 the Light Locomotive Act abolished the Man and established instead a speed limit of fourteen miles an hour, reduced subsequently to twelve. (Cars were to be known officially as light locomotives until 1903, and if you look at some of the early photographs the description was by no means unflattering.) In the meantime inventors in the less whiskered atmosphere of the Continent had gained a flying start, but from this moment British manufacturers got busy.

To operate a light locomotive in those days you needed to be eccentric, comfortably off and in reasonably rude health. We forget, as we listen to the Light Programme at a silky eighty, the rugged stuff our forefathers were made of only fifty years ago. A drive to the next village called for as much patient preparation as an expedition to Tibet. Mornings when the engine started were especially memorable. For some years the new machines looked, as indeed they were, stationary with the shafts sawn off. They had one rebellious cylinder lashed into the boot, and the whole affair



was remotely and only occasionally controlled by a rich assortment of knobs, wires and anonymous metallurgical obtrusions spread over as wide an area as possible around the coachman's feet. The gay but trembling adventurers dressed partly for deep-sea diving and partly for the wilder kind of race-meeting. Before getting under way they were often totally enclosed in a thick film of oil, to which the dust English roads were made of at that time adhered so readily that observers stood aghast to see little groups of crumbling mummies swaying on perambulating perches. As the first cars bowed very slowly and very asthmatically through the countryside they left behind unheard-of smells, and a mortuary line of dogs and chickens. It was not surprising that every man's hand was against them.

To stand up to this extreme disfavour pioneers had to be enthusiasts. Like all enthusiasts, particularly in this country, they banded themselves together in a club. At first it was the Self-propelled Traffic Association, a title one could wish had been preserved. Then it was





the Motor Car Club, which had the honour of organizing the Emancipation Day run to Brighton in 1896. And shortly after, a need being felt for a better-founded body, the Automobile Club of Great Britain arrived. This was in 1897. (The French had formed the Automobile Club de France two years earlier.) Premises, consisting of four rooms, were found in Whitehall Court, and for those who were not anxious for a social club but yet wished to identify themselves with the new movement a Motor Car Union was embodied, which became the Motor Union, moved off on its own in 1908, and teamed up with the A.A. in 1910.

The initial activity of the club was to organize tours to Stonehenge and other unlikely spots, and these must have been very extraordinary outings indeed; but it did little to impress the general public until the great Thousand Miles Trial of 1900, when the future Lord Northcliffe offered breakfast at his country house as well as a further substantial prize, and the few competitors who survived their ordeal hit the headlines in a way that

drove scoffers to see motoring in a new light.

A wider field was soon explored. In 1902 an Engineer's Department was started, to give members the technical advice most of them so sadly needed. Liaison was established with the

Continent for foreign touring, and arrangements were made for the perilous conversion of coachmen into chauffeurs in a special car with a powerful brake within easy reach of the instructor. As the sponsor of the Tourist Trophy Races (1907) and a growing variety of trials, aimed, as they are to-day, less at going fast than at perfecting the standard touring car, the Club came to be regarded as the official body of the sport. At the same time it was learning to use its influence to mould legislation in favour of the general motorist. When Mr. Asquith warned the club committee that his Budget for 1908 would take this freakish person more seriously they produced for the Treasury their famous formula for horse-power. In 1903, with a Charter from King Edward, the infant from Whitehall Court had blossomed into the Royal Automobile Club. Its social aspect is outside this article, except to note that via Piccadilly the Club moved, in 1911, to the palace it built in Pall Mall (the largest club house in the world), which now cherishes sixteen thousand members.

The origins of the Automobile

Association were quite different. It joined battle for the motorist in 1905. The early frenzy of the village policeman had by this time been directed into a well-planned and extremely profitable persecution, in which Benches laden with cavalry moustaches vied with one another to step up their weekly takings. Trapping had started in a big way, and though no one could object to the enforcement of the speed limit in towns, motorists experienced a rising indignation when constables leapt at them from trees in deserted country. A few enterprising men therefore got together and, beginning on the Brighton Road, gave warning of these outrageous futilities by means of part-time cyclist scouts wearing yellow armlets. This plan worked so well that the A.A.'s membership rose rapidly, but a legal war was immediately declared. Sometimes the scouts got off, sometimes they were fined heavily. The fire of the police was temporarily damped, but it was soon fanned again by the cupidity of local magistrates who netted on occasion as much as a thousand pounds a week. It was then (in 1909) that the A.A. conceived the brilliantly simple idea of warning its members to stop and consult any of its scouts failing to salute. This effective stymie infringed no law. Magistrates were baffled, and from then on can be traced an entirely new feeling between the motorist and the policeman, who became a friend.

Having thus triumphed in its object, the A.A. had to think again. Already a variety of services were being given to members, and now it was decided to amplify these and



make them as full and helpful as possible. The advice a motorist would want was gathered and put on tap. Foreign touring was made easier, and tours at home more comfortable by the introduction of a guide-book starring—a very useful feature—hotels and inns according to their quality, as judged by a roving team of eagle-eyed and trigger-nosed inspectors. From its inception the A.A. possessed an admirable sense of publicity, to which the motor-car owed much of its growing popularity. The organization of trials and tests remained with the R.A.C., but the A.A. made a dramatic appeal to the imagination of the ordinary man when in 1909 it moved a whole battalion of the Guards, at war strength, from London to Hastings, using the cars of volunteer owners. Apart from the tactical lesson, which no doubt caused a wholesome stir at the War Office, no less a personage than Colonel Chinstrap emerged from this mechanized excursion, for so many of the soldiers' caps disappeared into the hedges that a strap was quickly—well, fairly quickly—added.

In the First War, as later they were to do in the Second, both the A.A. and the R.A.C. put their staff and information at the disposal of the Government, and both did a magnificent job. In between the two wars both developed pretty much into the organizations we know to-day. When the Armistice came each set out to improve the services it gave its members, in a spirit of the keenest competition which left little room, so one gathers, for more than merely formal co-operation. That was a pity, because it meant that the motorist was getting a possibly divided counsel. But in fact he had very little to grumble

at in the expert attention he received in return for his subscription—in each case, and the amount is unchanged—of two guineas a year.

The A.A. has nine hundred thousand members, the R.A.C., I believe (it is coy about the detailed figures) about forty per cent. of that number of associate members not belonging to its social club. As all the private cars registered in the country total only two million one hundred thousand (and motor-cycles, six hundred thousand), you can see how powerful the two bodies have become. Both of them concentrate on service to their members, but at the same time both do a great deal for the public at large by such functions as erecting road signs and supplying the B.B.C. with reports about the weather and the current state of the roads. As the Jockey Club of motor sport the R.A.C. also bears an international responsibility in helping to plan a long list of trials and rallies and in acting as official referee.

To discriminate between two such highly efficient organizations, both of which work through regional headquarters throughout the country, would be difficult. The scope of their work to-day is familiar to all of us. The scouts, who began as kindly nannies with plenty of bandages and a smattering of mechanics, are now specialists rarely beaten by the most abstruse engineering diseases. Both in Pall Mall and at Fanum House the information and touring departments have all the answers ready, from the price of a gudgeon-pin in Puerto Rico to the most aesthetically pleasing route from Much Binding to Llanybwlich. Your car is shipped across the Channel in a decently humane manner, and when its back axle goes at last in a mountain

village without a name, you have active friends. Perhaps the most exciting development since this war is the A.A.'s radio-controlled fleet of vans, which covers London breakdowns at night, and at week-ends. The experiment has recently been extended to Birmingham.

One is sometimes told that the two organizations are a disguised monopoly, and should therefore unite. This is not true. They are run quite separately, and, for my part, I hope they will continue in this healthy rivalry. On the other hand there has been, since the war, a wholly admirable change in their mutual relations. Instead of the slightly dog-in-the-manger attitude which sometimes split their influence there is now a complete interchange of intelligence and the closest co-operation in all matters of motoring policy. The fruits of this sensible friendship are already evident. A common key has been issued for all roadside telephone boxes. The hotel guide-books are increasingly reliable as the result of collective weeding. And through the Standing Joint Committee, which meets quarterly and includes representatives of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, the associations bring their combined guns to bear on Whitehall. To this well-calculated bombardment the motorist is largely indebted for the partial restoration of the basic ration.

In only one respect do these otherwise up-to-date bodies lag behind the times. There is no woman on either the A.A.'s Committee or the R.A.C.'s Associate Section Committee. Since many women belong to one body or the other in their own right, a graceful and useful gesture is waiting to be made.

ERIC KEOWNS





"Not much traffic today."



"Privately offend the car, and if you catch the radio off."



and no more mighty caravans."



"Careful, dear, there's a car coming round the corner."



"Careful, dear, there's a car coming round the corner."



"Better draw in here, and let it pass..."



"... Better draw in here, and let it pass..."



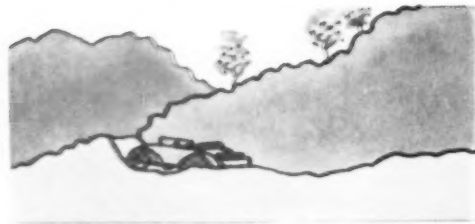
"... No, it must be waiting for us..."



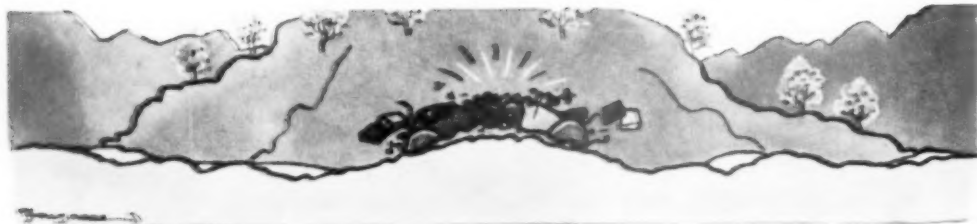
"... No, it must be waiting for us..."



"... so we'd better..."



"... so we'd better..."



PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

YOUR average garage mechanic has a pretty good opinion of himself as a person. There may be several reasons for this: perhaps he is simply exultant in a physique which daily withstands the perils of knife-keen draughts, petrol-sodden boots and the mingled fumes of carbon-monoxide, liquid nail-varnish and burnt-out coils; it may be the piteous cringes of innumerable motorists in distress which have encouraged his attitude of Olympian superiority; or, perhaps, he has not yet realized that his thunder as a pioneer, pealing tremendously in the days of ankle-length dust-coats and flat, octagonal caps, has long been stolen by the disciples of Whittle and Watson-Watt.



Whatever the reason, I cannot share his opinion of himself—as a person; as a garage mechanic, yes, by all means (there have been times, and will be many more, when I have ungrudgingly placed a garage mechanic in the same category as Arkwright and Edison, merely because he was able to produce a spanner of the needed size) but as a person, as—if I may so put it—a MAN, he remains in my estimation self-satisfied, preoccupied, graceless, disparaging, insensible and indispensable.

Perhaps I should explain that I have a very old car.

It is only the motorist with a very old car who sees enough of garage mechanics to develop pronounced views about them. The man with a 1950 Leviathan-Glide-mobile Twenty is aware only of deferential, overalld shapes glimpsed, bowing, through his

demister. It is my sort of motorist that stands about on one leg, with a sickly smile, while two greasy auto-crats wrench up his floorboards and in no way suit their language to the ears of my sort of wife, sitting in her new coat on an upturned oil-drum.

The self-satisfaction, preoccupation (etc., see above) of the garage mechanic tend to grow with the size, splendour and plate-glass area of the garage which employs him. I have come across wayside garages in the unpopulated heart of Lincolnshire (they are spaced out by law in those parts, one every eighteen miles) where the mechanic has emerged from his black and splintered hut with a welcoming grin on his face; a grin, it is true, later proving to be the outward manifestation of a backward mind, a grin persisting indistinguishably not only through my anguished account of the metallic death-rattle which halted me a league to the westward in a quasi-Siberian waste but through his seemingly delighted assurances that his announcement, "Petrol. Repairs," is only fifty per cent valid since his son went for his call-up. However, by means of prolonged directions he may cause me to arrive, much, much later, at a garage where some cheerful young fellow, as yet unspoilt by the higher experience, consents to salvage the wreck and at an early date to launch upon those operations that culminate in a bill for £18 12s. beginning "Collect AXV 930 from Gallows Crossing" and ending "Hire taxi to Horncastle stn." But, alas, as my sort of motorist well knows, cheerful and unspoilt mechanics tend to-

wards a cheerful and unspoilt irresponsibility. Often we have to make the awful choice between scowls and a truly-welded radiator on the one hand, and laughter and a loose back wheel on the other. It is only when your mechanic has at last



graduated to the super-garage that he sobers down and gives up waving customers good-bye with their filler-caps clutched tightly in his hand. I suppose it is too much to expect to have it both ways.

As to the super-garage—I would hesitate to take my car to one of these places even if it meant missing the *Queen Mary* for want of a minor repair to my contact breaker points (whatever *they* may be; all scientific jargon in this article is borrowed without apology from my file of household accounts, section MAC-MOTON). I refer to those great palaces of stainless steel and chromium through whose echoing galleries a car like mine can drive for twenty minutes with its hooter stuck and attract no attention whatsoever. Men in spotless white drill with silk monograms on their breast are to be seen on all sides, manicuring their nails, combing their hair, chatting in cultured undertones to clients in musquash overcoats and now and then gliding into stylish activity with a chamois-leather in the neighbourhood of a 14-litre Stargleam-Grosvenor, brought in for dusting. An unshaven old man with sacks tied round his legs would get better service out of the Savoy Grill than my sort of motorist gets out of



the super-garage. And in my view it is extremely shortsighted of them.

In fact it is plain snobbery, and costly snobbery at that. My money is as good as that of the man in the musquash overcoat, and certainly more ready. Of the vast army of mechanics who have through the years, slowly and with bodeful mutterings, put me back on the road I fancy none could level a charge of meanness at me. From my earliest days as a used-car owner I have made it an invariable practice as I drag my blistered feet across a garage threshold to have a one-pound note sticking well out of my breast pocket. Jingling loose change with one hand I hold my wallet in the other as it points tremulously in the direction of the breakdown (a used-car always breaks down completely; there is no question of its getting to the garage under its own power for some trifling adjustment); in offering my cigarette-case to the first man in overalls I see—who as often as not turns out to be a motorcyclist friend of one of the electricians, dropped in for a chat about anti-corrosives—I contrive to let fall my cheque-book in full view. And all this is not mere window-dressing. I mean it. At that dread moment when my engine stops and my heart with it I vow that the man who gets the pair of them going again shall name his own reward, and not in vain.



The amount of time, skill or bad language expended in working the trick is a matter of utter indifference to me; I am prepared to give all I have, just to hear once more that melodious *chumf-chumf-chidderby-chumf* and to see the jubilant

wagging of the nearside wing, and whether the miracle has been achieved by the installation of a new propeller-shaft and universal or three inches of insulating-tape simply doesn't matter. But the man in the musquash coat and the twelve cylinder Burgoyne-Plushly, I make so bold as to assert, challenges every penny on his monthly bill (that's how he raised the cash for the coat and the car), and, what is more, has been stupidly encouraged by the mien of the garage—and, believe me, it is quite possible for this sort of garage to have a mien—to believe that it is a high privilege for a mechanic to squirt attar of roses up his exhaust-pipe or change the wind in his spare wheel.



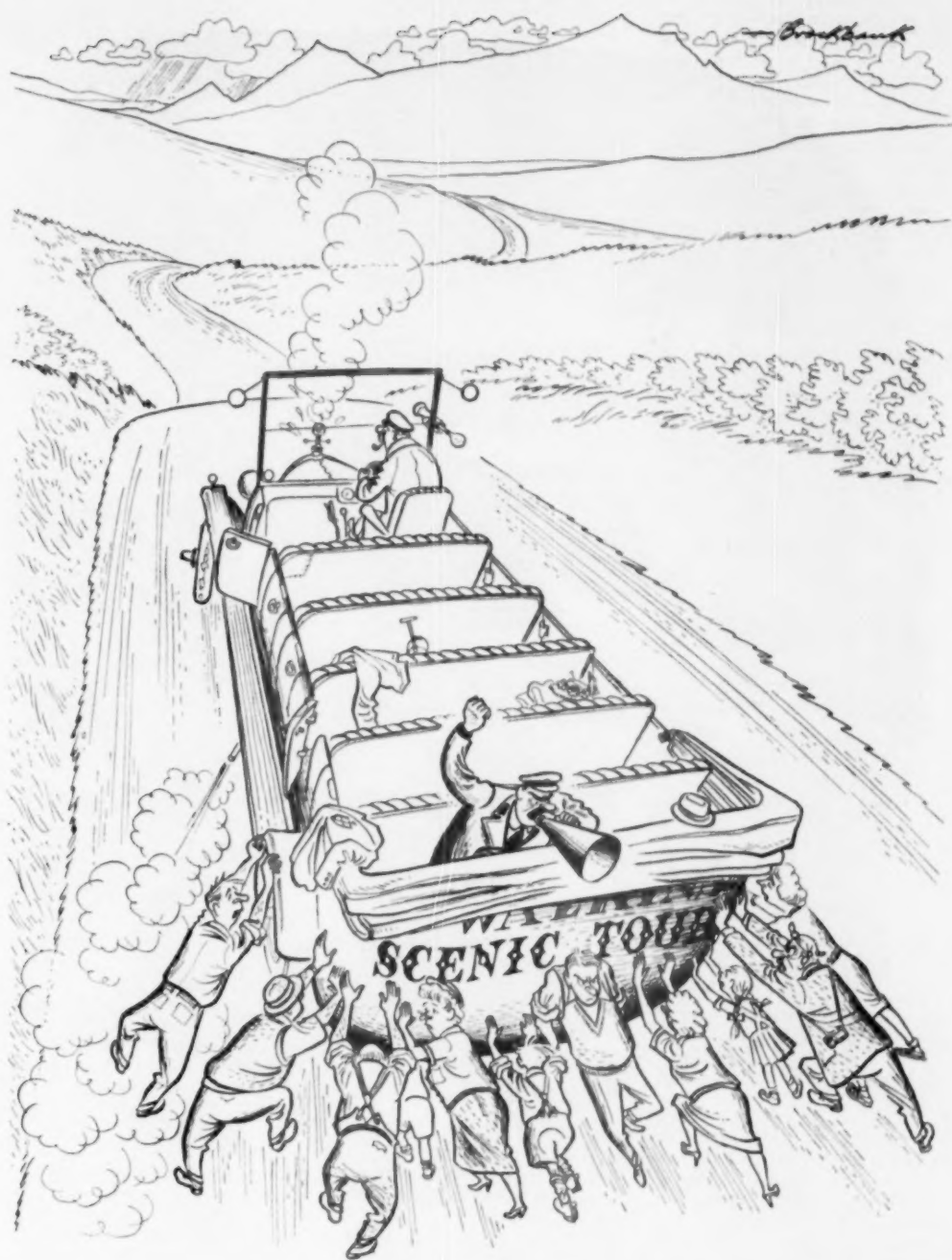
To any chairman of the Board of Directors of one of these garages who chances upon this article in the barber's shop or the dentist's waiting-room—preferably the latter—I would say this: purge your establishment of the snob complex now, and double your earnings in six months. Let your staff be withdrawn from such profitless duties as breathing on the hub-caps of Courtly-Sandringham Ivory Ghosts while their owners murmur petulantly of a slight roughness at speeds of eighty-five m.p.h. and above. Let them be posted instead at the great entrance gates, with orders to keep their eyes skinned for a small, angular saloon with a contused windscreen, bent bumpers, both trafficators at half-cock and the

remnant of an old woollen undergarment stuffed in the spout of the petrol-tank; as this vehicle approaches, with a flat tyre and one of its back doors open, any man of vision should recognize it as being made of solid gold. Your Leviathan-Glidenobiles and Starglean-Grosvenors will outlive you, my dear sir, without putting any more real business in your way than an occasional spraying of the air-conditioning gauzes, but once you get my car (for this is it) under your roof, it is yours, except for the briefest of interludes, for ever. Align the steering and the brakes will come loose; tighten the brakes and the exhaust-pipe will snap; weld the exhaust-pipe and the differential will drop off; replace the differential and the battery will fall out. In short it is as good as an annuity. And two-thirds of the cars on British roads to-day require only a word of welcome from you to constitute equally desirable investments.

To conclude: It is my opinion that both proprietors and employees of the garage of 1950 should begin to cultivate a becoming humility. They should remember, I think, that the motorist came first, then the garage. Without us they might all still be blacksmiths—though I realize that this thought hardly applies to certain wayside garages I have come across in the unpopulated heart of Lincolnshire.

J. B. BOOTHROYD







"Try counting sheep, dear."

CARAVANITIES

A MAN'S first caravan marks the transition from puppyhood to maturity, a sociological observation which may not apply to gipsies or Zulus but does more than hold for the British. I began with a solid, old-fashioned affair, an eight-wheeler adapted greenhouse which creaked and rumbled along the dusty roads of Kent, trapping sunbeams and, in their absence, other elements, so that sometimes there seemed to be more weather inside than out. It was roomy and comfortable but I never dared take it far from a glazier; only in the Chatham - Gillingham - Rochester area did I feel really safe.

I passed on from "Magic Casements" when beguiled by an advertisement in *The Times*: "Lady Paula X, C.B.E., can cordially recommend a bijou caravan. Bona fides essential; deposit welcome." Lady Paula, whose surname turned out to be Exe, haggled a good deal over fittings and had a bee in her pretty bonnet over the Rent Restrictions Act; but I wore her into a bargain and became the Owner of a home-like affair called "The Firs." This had a letter-box, three different heating systems, a small bench for practical hobbies and a trap-door you could lift up to look at the joists. Its disadvantage was its immobility. It was raised on bricks and lived with a lot of converted buses in an enclosure off Chiswick High Street. It was so permanent that it had a number and rates could be paid on it, if you wanted to feel a householder that had. I did succeed in prizing it off the bricks; but when it came to fitting wheels on the bottom a good deal of reconstruction was needed, as it had begun life as a barge. I sold it back to Lady Paula, less a good deal of depreciation she claimed to notice, and went after a caravan that was actually in motion.

The negotiations for "Arrow of Desire" were conducted in transit, and as we careened round corners at a spanking trot the mobility of my new love became ever more indubitable. What held things up was

Vacant Possession. The Owner was quite willing to sell but claimed that so long as he chose to remain in residence he was a Tenant or, if I moved in too, a Paying Guest. What I wanted was solitude and what he wanted was to point out Beauties as we passed them; he had been a Guide in Motor Coaches but had lost his job for being too Left Wing in his comments when passing Corfe Castle. I had to buy him out with a bonus.

I hope that I shall be able to stick to this acquisition, as it is well found and trim. Nobody would be ashamed to call on me. It is good in towns and good between towns; it can crash its way through ferny brake or woodland plantation or even the foundations of Housing Estates. It has never lost a collision. As all caravans should have, it has ample space for gracious living. After all, as bed-sitting-rooms go caravans are on the large side. There are plenty of book-shelves and a piano—not that I can play myself, but half the pleasure of caravanning is giving casual lifts to passers-by, and many of these are musical.

When I began caravanning one of the first questions that troubled me was poise. What kind of behaviour went with a caravan? Had the caravanner most in common with the hiker, the furniture-remover or the hirer of a special train? Did a faint whiff of the circus ring still hang about him? I finally decided that his air should be sportive but calm, and that he should think very carefully about dress. For example, shorts are clearly unsuitable, because their purpose is to make exercise easy, and the whole object of caravanning is to make it unnecessary. Dungarees confuse recreation with work, and yachting rig takes a metaphor too seriously. As one is hoping to lead a nice, stuffy, indoor life with a varying outdoors the sensible dress is bedroom-slippers, a dressing-gown and a smoking cap, though one has to be prepared to don a neatly pressed pinstripe for entertaining. Owing to the absence of jungles

in England a dinner-jacket is unnecessary.

Our forebears used to find that Etiquette saved them from having to make many decisions about behaviour and, though not a forebear, even I have found helpful a little book called *Caravannin' by a Lady of Title*. Often as I galumph happily through the countryside, avoiding its spiky hedgerows and its solid ruts, though rarely simultaneously, I recite passages from it, for instance:

"It is by one's conduct in unfamiliar milieux that one is judged. Many who can cope effortlessly with the diurnal routine of a mansion fail ignominiously when tested in the situations which arise on the Open Road. They scamp the ritual of leaving cards. They forget that the significance of the phrase 'Not at home' is sometimes unknown to their fellow caravanners and causes needless argument. A much preferable form is 'Madam regrets she is unable to receive you as she is engaged in supervising the repair of the back axle.'"

Another valuable passage deals



Ray Donist

with the equipage. "Restraint should be observed in the decoration and naming of Caravans. Sober hues are evidence of a refined taste. The excessive use of gold has raised doubts as to many a Caravanner's social status. Such names as 'Ear-wigo' and 'Aroma' should be rigorously eschewed. Harness should not include bells, other than the wee-est tinklers, and postillions may be dispensed with except in cathedral towns. Always preserve a distance of one hundred yards between you and the servants' caravan."

There are few quarters of our island I have not vanned through. I plan my itineraries carefully and try to build them round some simple theme, such as scenes associated with the life of Coleridge or sites of murders involving the use of arsenic. Between places of interest I think about the last one until half way and then change over to anticipatory savouring of the next. Tyros may possibly be grateful for suggestions of a trip to begin on. Here is a simple one from my notes which should be quite within a beginner's powers.

MARBLE ARCH TO CRYSTAL PALACE

Go down Park Lane hell-for-leather. Slew round across Piccadilly, noticing the admirable trees in the park, and make your way to the Vauxhall Bridge Road, taking care to leave Victoria Station on your right. Soon you should be crossing the Thames. This river is

tidal as far as Teddington and has played no small part in London's history. Follow the tramlines to Brixton: any Inspector will recommend you a tram as a guide. On reaching Brixton it would be as well to check horseshoes, tyres, petrol, etc. This done, turn sharp right.

The noblish edifice a little farther on is Lambeth Town Hall, often called Brixton Town Hall by those unacquainted with the niceties of the Metropolitan Borough system. Strike leftish at the Church and work along to Herne Hill, remembering that Brockwell Park contains no fewer than 127 acres and that, if your rear brake is on, smoke will hide several of them from you. A quick turn and yet another will shift you from the tramlines on to the Number Three bus route, which goes along a very extensive road called Croyded Road. For a long time you should have no fear of straying and may devote your attention to features of interest, which are few but, no doubt, rewarding when found.

When Croyded Road finally does end you will be so near the Crystal Palace that sheer commonsense should get you there. Just go on and upwards and you may well find yourself on a long, level parade, bordered on one side by a space where the Crystal Palace used to be before it was burned down and on the other by a mighty fine view over London. This parade is well suited to caravanning as it is flat, which

places little strain upon horse or engine, and wide, which places little strain upon the driver. If I were you I should go up and down it several times. The return journey is just a matter of reading these directions backwards.

Many are the tales I could tell of sunny trips between beaming fields of golden corn or alongside ever purling brooks that laughed with quiet hysteria as they made their way towards the sea. Some of my happiest memories are of journeys with the caravan loaded on a goods wagon and myself sitting at ease in a Pullman happily reminiscing with fellow addicts. By a pretty conceit I have sometimes on these occasions referred to the snail as the aboriginal caravanner, though the comparison will not bear detailed examination, as I once discovered on the line from Reading to Oxford when we had a Chancery silk among our company. Perhaps, however, the creamiest memories of all are of sitting alone with the curtains drawn and the tailboard up, the lamplight gleaming on the portraits and the crude winds of heaven excluded by good walls and stout doors. On one's knees lie a volume or two of the *Victoria County History*, wherein one can browse over the past of the country one has traversed during the day, and one can well imagine oneself relaxed and safe in the cosy comfort of one's own home. R. G. G. PRICE



End of The Motoring Charivari



"We managed to turn out that stupid young man—he was only using it to paint in."

OTFORD LOSTWITHIEL

FLOREAT FRETWORK

THE Railway Executive has asked the public for suggestions for the improvement of the British railway system, and it is on the strength of this appeal that I now present the results of the not inconsiderable research which I have recently pursued into one small aspect of this vast organization.

It is to the study of fretwork that I have applied myself: fretwork, that delicate and charming filigree which adorns the roofs of our older and more rural railway stations. Whether it be comparatively simple, as at Beckenham Junction or Otford (illustrated above), or more complex as at Lostwithiel or St. Austell (ditto), it has an old-world charm about it which is lacking from the reinforced concrete buildings which seem to be the fashion nowadays. These decorative friels soften the hard outline of the railway station and convert it into a thing of grace, a faery palace of bewitching loveliness.

In the past station-masters have apparently been allowed to design their own fretwork, and, while some most attractive work has been produced, many station-masters have failed to make sufficient use of the opportunities before them. It is therefore time for the Railway Executive to step in, organize this hotch-potch of private inspiration into some semblance of order, and develop the natural beauties of the British railway network. Some system must be evolved, uniting and strengthening the appeal of individual gems of craftsmanship.

One of the principal requirements of such a system is that besides being decorative it should be informative. Some suggest that the plan should be based on distance from London, the pattern changing, say, every ten miles. Others, however, claim that this would simply be wasteful repetition, as the main lines are already well furnished with mile-posts, and maintain that travelling time from London should be the basis on which to work. Provincial travellers, while agreeing with these two suggestions in principle, are

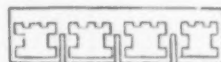
violently opposed to the choice of London as a centre of measurement and claim variously that it should be replaced by Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Penzance, Edinburgh, Inverness and Ashby de la Zouche.

My view, on the contrary, is that these systems are all too impersonal, too statistical, to fire the imagination of the traveller, and that they all have insufficient educational value. Fretwork designs should be based on regional customs, industries, or occupations, or on place names—subjects of local as well as general interest. How about these, for instance, for

Grimsby



or Castleton!



We could have a decorative pattern of boots above the platforms of Northampton, while Axminster might sport a fringe of fretwork tassels. Etruria and Burton-on-Trent could make attractive designs based respectively on teapots and beer bottles, while the obvious choice for Gretna Green would be a pattern of alternate hearts and anvils. For those with a taste for the visual pun there are some excellent opportunities, for example Hook, Fearn, Clock Face, Cowes, Swineshead and Rye, or, slightly more complex, Dartmouth, Carstairs, Axbridge, Ramsgate and Swansea, while in some cases, such as Blue Anchor, Eye Green, Redcastle and White Bear, the effect could be improved by the use of colour.

The authorities must move quickly if this cultural revolution is to be undertaken in time for the Festival of Britain. The best artists will have to be commissioned to submit designs, which will then be cut

by retired railwaymen and voluntary workers, and when the general standard is high enough I suggest that a nation-wide competition be held, in which artists will be invited to compete for the honour of designing a panorama of the Battle of Waterloo to fill the great arch of the main-line station. The finest fretworkers in the country must then be selected to execute the winning design, which when completed will be unveiled by the chairman of the Railway Executive, to the accompaniment of patriotic marches played by massed British Railways bands.

If the plan which I have set forth is boldly and imaginatively realized foreigners will flock to this island to marvel at the artistic achievements of British Railways, and the trains will be packed with tourists, thus amply reimbursing the authorities for the money spent on the project, while special trips could be organized to visit stations of outstanding interest. The picture-postcard and guide-book industries will flourish as never before, and if the Post Office can be persuaded to issue a set of stamps illustrating noteworthy examples of fretwork the income derived from their sale to collectors in hard currency areas will probably all but eliminate the national debt.

My proposal is therefore no idle fancy, it is a matter of grave concern to the whole country, and I put this ultimatum before the Railway Executive: either they act at once, or—I shall go and tell the Road Transport Executive. And then won't their faces be red!

MODERN FURNITURE DISPLAY



ROUND THE FARM

ONE hot summer afternoon six people climbed a stile and set off round the edge of a cornfield. They were Mr. Morrison and some friends he was showing over his farm. At the head of the line walked Mr. Morrison himself; at the end Mrs. Hooper, who was ill-equipped for the outing. She knew no less about farms than the others, but she was the only one with tight basket-work sandals and a dog.

"Whizzo! Whizzo!" she called, quietly and desperately, at an agitated patch of corn. "Do you think," she asked the Fleet Street hat in front—"do you think it matters him *bending* it?"

"Well," said William, pausing to lean on the branch he carried. Mrs. Hooper knew exactly what he meant; that he hadn't the least idea either.

"Isn't he rather heavy?" said William as she hobbled up.

"Oh, not the way I carry him. Look! he hooks his paws over my

shoulder. Whizzo-boy, then! He wouldn't do it for anyone else!"

William was so glad to hear this that he walked backwards, admiring Whizzo, until he collided with the couple in front, who had stopped, along with the rest of the party—a pretty girl called Clarissa—while Mr. Morrison picked a piece of corn and tore it to bits.

"What did I miss then?" William murmured.

"Oh, he was saying what kind of wheat," said Molly Jones. "Corn, I expect."

"My dear girl!" cried Richard, her husband. "All wheat is corn."

"That's what I said."

"It's oats," Mrs. Hooper told them eagerly. "Think of porridge. Oh, thank you." For William had gallantly wrenched a gap her size in the barbed wire they were squeezing through.

"It seems to have sort of gone," he said, looking back thoughtfully at a sagging post.

At the next field the party seemed consciously to pull itself together. "Barley," said Clarissa briskly to Molly. The news went down the line to Whizzo, and was followed by a rather good question from William.

"Mr. Morrison!" he called. "How many acres is this field, roughly?"

The answer, ten, created a general stir of interest. Everyone paused to rake the horizon with narrowed eyes.

"Take a fairish time to plough!" cried the star pupil.

There was some wise nodding, and Richard prodded the ground with his heel and said "Pretty dry. On top."

"Clay!" said Clarissa, while a breathless voice from the end of the line added "Clay is good for roses." When Mr. Morrison joined Mrs. Hooper to tell her about his fish-manure she experienced a glow of pride that almost made her forget



Andrew Thomson

her feet, and Whizzo. Altogether this field was a success.

William subtracted a possible thirty acres from two hundred, divided it by two miles an hour, and tried to imagine the jingly sound of ice-cubes on an approaching tray. When he looked up to see where he was now he found himself unexpectedly and entirely surrounded by interested cows.

"Oo, you are brave!" said Clarissa, clutching his arm.

"Nothing to it," said William. Life, on the other side of the cows, was suddenly very good; except for Mr. Morrison, shouting "Hi, you! Go back and shut that gate!" This was why, at the broad beans, Molly had to tell him how they had lost Mrs. Hooper.

"I gave her my belt, you see, for a dog-lead," she explained. "I was so sorry for the poor little fellow being carried all that way. Only it was plastic and torn already. I do think, Richard, we should have gone after her."

Richard didn't hear. He was saying to Mr. Morrison "Well, all I can tell you is that this stuff in the tin did the trick. Orris. Orris. Derris! That was it! Derris powder No, derris dust!"

"He's talking about blackfly," said Molly. "It's the only thing he knows. Mr. Morrison! Do you eat all these beans yourself?"

Mr. Morrison was a conscientious host. He took his party round the beans to a wood, and a lot more corn, and a cabbage plantation, and on into an empty field. At least, it had grass in it, and Clarissa exclaimed "What nice grass!"

Richard drew Mr. Morrison into a discussion about ley farming. "Which now I know how to pronounce," said William. "And you said he only knew about blackfly."

"Oh, he read a book in a train once," said Molly. "I don't know how you're doing, but I can just about reach the house if I think very hard how nice it will be when I'm there."

So William walked over to Clarissa, who was drifting along with a purposefully dreamy expression.

"You know," she said, "I've

been thinking that this is the life."

"How funny!" said William. "I was too. I think that one day I shall buy a farm."

"Not having to get up every morning and catch a bus to the office," said Clarissa.

"I know," said William. "Of course one would have to get up because of the cows and things, but that would be different. The best part of the day! What a breakfast you could eat!"

"And then the—well, the scenery," said Clarissa.

"I know," said William. "All this." And he waved an arm which knocked the stick out of Mr. Morrison's hand. The thought that a professional farmer had probably heard every word of this idiotic conversation drove William to say, wildly, "Now tell me, Mr. Morrison. This ley business. What, exactly, are its financial advantages? I mean, as compared with any others?"

Mr. Morrison looked as if he was being interviewed by a stupid reporter; as, indeed, he was. Luckily Clarissa had a contribution to make. "I expect you pick a lot of primroses here, Mr. Morrison. In the spring."

"Have you any idea which way we're facing?" Richard asked

William, when they had crossed two more empty fields.

"West," said William promptly. "Why?"

"I mean, do you suppose we're on the way back?"

"Oh, yes. We're walking."

"That's what I thought," said Richard. "And we must have seen pretty well everything."

"Except the bits round the house," said William. "Which never take long." He was to remember these words, if he had forgotten them, as he leant over the fence of a sty, assuring Mr. Morrison that he could see the pig inside.

It was Mrs. Hooper, refreshed from a long rest in the garden, who did all the work in this last section. "The dears!" she cooed to a menacing flock of turkeys. Or: "No, don't tell me how many ducks you've got, Mr. Morrison. Let me count them!"

"We got through that last bit rather quickly," said William to Clarissa as they arranged the deck-chairs.

"No wonder," said Clarissa. "Did you hear her badgering him for just a drop of milk to make a quick pat of butter? I should think farmers must find some people quite annoying." ANDE

VALLEY

SILENT under silver-sway
of cloud in canopy,
secret in the mountain-breast
in earth's arm-fold,
deep lies the valley, green
with leaf-tall tree,
sun-shimmered, shadow-cast,
grey upon the gold:

falling from the hanging height
the thread-spun streams,
strung like cords of harp in
song,
the silence fill
with music made of murmuring
that memory dreams,
as if a heart of harmony
lay hidden in the hill:

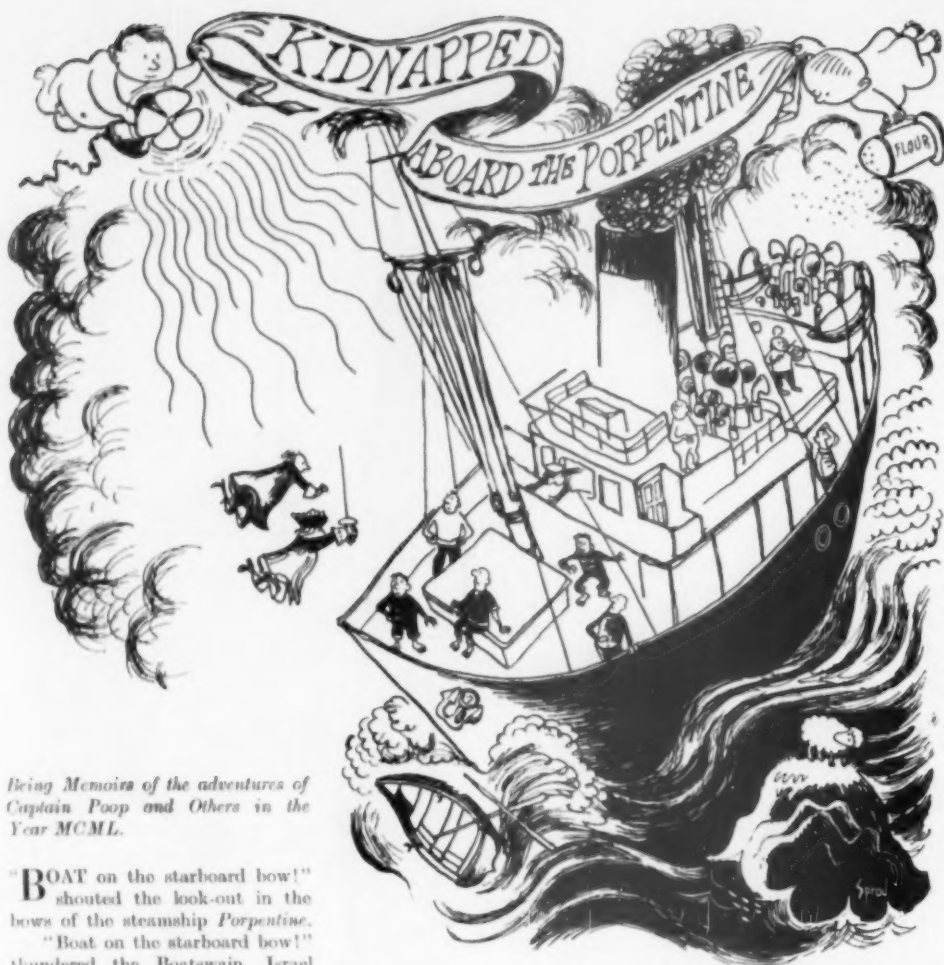
quiet on the blind winds
the falcon floats,
holding the hollow air
with strength unseen;
unstirring moves the river; soft
with unheard notes
the steeped heathers whisper
and the belled lings lean:

deep as an unsounded water
lake-white lying,
time in this green harbourage
tideless stays:
pooled in secret hollow, here
dwell undying
depths that all the aeons knew
before the dawn of days.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



"Sometimes I wonder why I go to all this trouble for strangers."



Being Memoirs of the adventures of Captain Poop and Others in the Year MCML.

"**B**OAT on the starboard bow!" shouted the look-out in the bows of the steamship *Porpentine*.

"Boat on the starboard bow!" thundered the Boatswain, Israel Studdingsail.

"All right, all right," said Captain Poop, peevishly. "I heard him the first time. Ask him how far off the boat is."

"How far——" began the Boatswain, and then as a sound of splintering wood came from the bows shrugged his shoulders and spat over the side in a marked manner.

Fortunately the two occupants of the boat, being flung into the air by the violence of the impact, landed unhurt on the *Porpentine's* deck, whither Captain Poop with his usual courtesy hastened to meet

them and offer his apologies. Judge of that shipmaster's amazement, then, when the elder of the two castaways, a smallish pock-marked man in a blue laced coat with silver buttons, opened the conversation by declaring:

- (a) that he bore a king's name;
- (b) that his sword had slashed the heads off more Whigamores than there were toes upon his (Captain Poop's) feet; and
- (c) that the sooner the clash began the sooner Captain Poop

would taste that steel "throughout" (to give the *ipseissima verba*) "his vitals."

To which the younger of the two, a tall, gangling lad in homespun breeches, added that he had reason to believe himself some rights on the estate of Shaws.

But now, having after the most approved models engaged the reader's attention by presenting at the outset the principal characters of this narrative, it will be convenient to give some explanation of the

events leading up to their entry on the stage.

The *Porpentine* had sailed from Buenos Aires with a cargo of grain consigned to some port or ports in the United Kingdom, the charter-party providing that the Captain should apply for more particular orders by wireless on approaching Ushant. Owing to a variety of circumstances, not the least of which was the inability of the wireless operator when in his normal condition to understand the Morse Code or when sober to manipulate his apparatus, communication with the charterers, viz. the Ministry of Food, was imperfectly maintained; with the result that the *Porpentine* touched in rapid succession at Bristol, Southampton, Yarmouth, Sunderland and Leith, only to be met at each port with blank looks and shakings of the head. At last, through a fortunate encounter in an Aberdeen public-house between the *Porpentine's* Second Engineer and a man who had a cousin in the Food Office at Fort William, it was ascertained definitely that the cargo was destined for either Glasgow or Manchester, and Captain Poop lost no time in putting to sea. Cape Wrath was rounded without mishap, but shortly after the gallant vessel had turned southwards down the west coast a light summer haze descended on the sea. It was this mist which had occasioned the running-down of the boat with which our story opens.

Now read on—or if you are in any doubt go back and begin again.

"You are under a misapprehension, gentlemen," said Captain Poop, backing away until he was brought up by the funnel—"you are under a misapprehension" (the Captain's prose style was reminiscent more of Hugh Miller, the geologist, than of that other illustrious Scottish writer whose hand was so discernible in the unlooked-for arrival of the two castaways)—"you are under, for the third and last time, a misapprehension if you suppose my intentions to be other than peaceable. Pray do me the honour to accompany me to my cabin and

partake of such refreshment as our simple vessel affords. I allude," said the Captain with a deprecating cough, "to the liquor known as rum."

"Keep the cold out," interjected the Mate, Mr. Bilgewater, suddenly appearing at the Captain's elbow. (This, by the way, was an understatement. The *Porpentine's* rum would bend iron furnaces.)

"I'll seek the glasses for ye, Captain," said McSumph, the Second Engineer.

"Dinna fash yersel', McSumph," said the Chief Engineer, Fitzherbert, who though an Englishman had acquired somewhat of a Scottish turn of speech. "A'm thinkin' ye're meant tae be on watch in the engine-room the noo, sae jist rin awa' an' pit a wheen ile on thon connectin'-rod; it's a screechin' like a soul in torment. Come awa', gentlemen, tae the Captain's cabin."

Some two hours later the Mate and the Chief Engineer left the cabin arm-in-arm and proceeded to set the entire crew, sailors and firemen alike, to the task of drawing buckets of water from over the port-side rail and emptying them over the starboard one—with the object, as Mr. Bilgewater explained, of correcting the vessel's pronounced tendency to fall over sideways. Meanwhile in the cabin Captain Poop, somewhat flushed of countenance but with unshaken poise, placed the empty bottle in the wastepaper basket and produced from the ship's safe a pack of Happy Families.

"You are familiar with this game, Mr. Stewart?" he asked.

"I have no call to be a judge of others," said the little man in the blue coat, staring rather glassily at the upturned countenance of Mr. Bones the Butcher, "but for my own part it is a matter in which I have no clearness."

His youthful companion roused himself

from a profound contemplation of the bottom of his glass and rose to his feet, striking his head a smartish blow on a deck-beam. "Whit in the deil's name's this!" he exclaimed. "What kind of Whiggish, canting talk is this for the house of Cluny MacPoop!"

"Na, na, David," said the little man, "we've got our lines clean disjaskit, man. It's me that should say that; and what's more," he added, cocking his hat, "I mean ye shall henceforth speak civilly of my good friends the Campbells."

"It sticks in my mind," said the Laird of Shaws without conviction, "that you Low-country bodies have no clear idea of what's right and wrong. I would have to ken, for instance, what ye gave Captain Hoseason here for kidnapping my Uncle Ebenezer."

The Captain was about to make an indignant denial of the implication when suddenly a violent shock ran through the vessel from stem to stern. Mr. Balfour of Shaws sat down on the floor; the pointer of the barometer over the rum-locker oscillated to and fro in a way that might have daunted the stoutest heart; and from the deck came a confused sound of shouting.

"The Torrin reefs!" cried the little man excitedly. "David, man, it all comes back to me now! Come awa', Captain: 'If I had kent of those reefs—'"

"If I had a chart—", prompted Mr. Balfour—

"—or if Shuan had been spared—"

"—it's not sixty guineas, no, nor six hundred, would have made



me risk my brig in sic a stone-yard!" finished the Laird of Shaws, triumphantly.

"What ails ye, man, Hoseason?" cried the little man. "Why are ye no' holding on by the shrouds and groaning out aloud whenever the ship hammers on the rock? Isna your brig like wife and child tae ye? Awa' out tae the shrouds and let's hear ye groan a wheen!"

"I should be happy to oblige you, Mr. Stewart," said Captain Poop, scrambling in an agitated manner among the papers on his desk, "but I fear the articles you mention have been omitted from my vessel's equipment. My owners are parsimonious to a degree. If you will excuse me a moment, gentlemen, I must just consult their instructions for action in the event of running aground. Let me see—ah, here it is: *Running Aground: the first consequence of this will be the immediate dismissal of—*Herm! I cannot see that that gets us much further forward. I think, if you will allow me, I will take the opinion of my First Mate in this matter." Stepping over to a speaking-tube the Captain removed the stopper, blew vigorously into the mouth-piece and then applied it to his ear. No sound came, however, and with a shake of the head he replaced the apparatus on its hook.

"Evidently Mr. Bilgewater is busy about some outlying part of the ship," he said with a rather sickly smile. "In such slight navigational *contretemps* I frequently find that two heads are better than one. Possibly you, Mr. Stewart, might care to offer—"

The Captain's appeal was cut short by the violent opening of the cabin door and the unceremonious

entrance of the First Mate. A student of physiognomy might have deduced from the purplish hue of Mr. Bilgewater's visage, the swelling of his neck, the protrusion of his eyes and the incessant gnashing of his teeth that the Mate was out of temper, an inference which received additional corroboration from the circumstance that Bilgewater carried in one hand an iron belaying-pin and in the other a short length of wire rope frayed out at one end.

"What bat-brained spawn of a seacook's monkey," began the Mate with ominous restraint, "blew that perishing steam-driven fog-signal in my nautically qualified ear?"

"Mr. Bilgewater," said the Captain with dignity, "this is no time for recriminations. Has it escaped your notice that we have run aground?"

"Captain," interrupted the little man earnestly, "it sticks in my mind that your Mate here should have been run through the body in the attack on David and me in the round-house."

"Forbye," added his companion, "the floor ought to be covered with broken glass and a horrid mess of blood. Alan, man, we've bauchled it: we've left out the best part of two chapters."

"We'll can go back and begin again, David," said the little man stoutly, "if the Captain here will help us. Captain, will ye no' have the kindness to call up your vermin to your back and fall on? The sooner the clash begins (as I think I observed tae ye afore) the sooner ye'll taste this steel throughout your vitals. Ye ought tae give David an ugly look now," he added helpfully.

What Captain Poop's reply would have been will never be known, for at that moment the Boatswain, Israel Studdingsail, appeared in the doorway. Tugging his forelock with a horny hand, he addressed the Captain.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," he said, "the men wants to know if they may go ashore now."

"Ashore?" repeated the Captain. "Are we not grappled to some storm-lashed rock in mid-ocean?"

"No, sir," said the Boatswain, "only to Greenock Pier, sir."

It was at this critical juncture that Captain Poop, who up to now has hardly presented himself in a favourable light, rose to his full intellectual and moral stature. "Mr. Mate," he said, turning to Bilgewater, "what time is it?"

"Half-past five," said the Mate, consulting the alarm clock in the chronometer case.

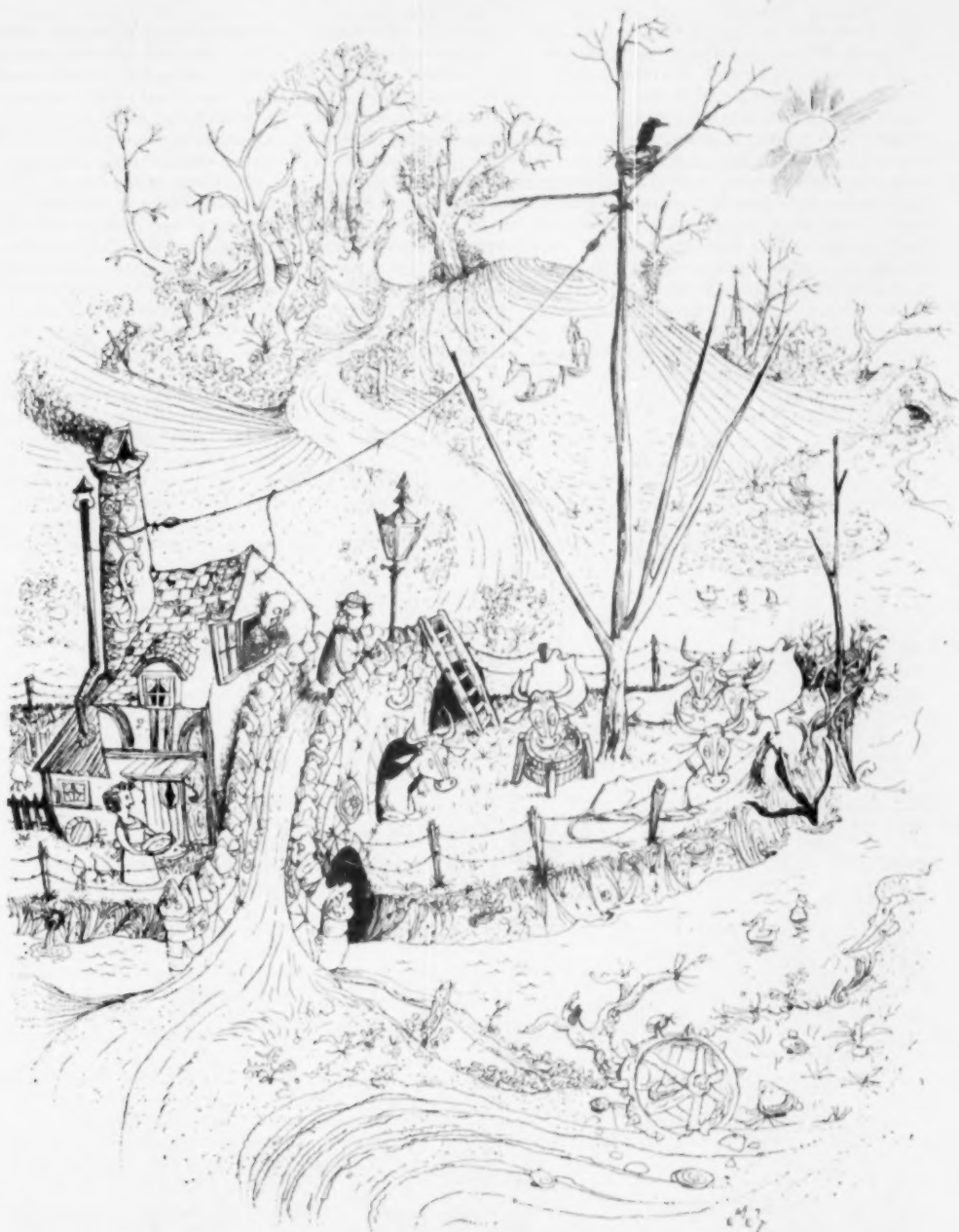
"And I think I am right in saying that in this part of Scotland at five-thirty P.M. the—ah—the—"

"Wait till I get my hat," said the Mate, "and I'm your company."

It was not until five minutes later, when the Captain and his lieutenant were entering the swing-doors of the Stevenson Arms, that they noticed the absence of the two castaways. The Chief Engineer (who was already seated in the best corner of the saloon bar) could throw no light on their disappearance, and although in the course of the evening the three shipmates made an exhaustive tour of the most likely places in Greenock neither they nor anyone else ever again set eyes on the bloodthirsty little Highlander and the self-styled Laird of Shaws.

G. D. R. DAVIES





"... and for an absolute and complete change we're toying with the idea of a trip on a cattle-boat ..."

A POET COULD NOT BUT BE GAY

"If there were no water," says Izaak Walton, in effect, "we could not go to Florence." I question this, and I must admit I had hoped that *The Compleat Angler* would supply a better beginning to my article. Walton was an active man, not afraid of hard knocks: a little rough going across the Channel and he could have got to Florence easily enough. What I wanted for my opening sentence was a seventeenth-century version of the statement "When the water is low and clear, and the day hot and bright, trout are difficult or impossible to catch," and why Walton omitted

such an observation I cannot imagine. He had determined, I take it, to devote a certain amount of space to water, and it seems to me that twenty or thirty words on the lines I have suggested would have served him better than this little thought about Florence, the only effect of which is to suggest that he had come to the end of his tether and was writing rather wildly. However, I have begun my article, and it would be ungrateful to grumble.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of a very hot, bright day last summer I reeled up my line

and waded moodily from the river. I had fished all day and caught nothing, and as I sat wearily down on the bank I felt myself overtaken by melancholy. Gervase Markham maintains that the angler should be able to remove such a condition easily enough by some godly hymn or anthem. I knew no anthems, and although I was familiar with the words of several hymns I had forgotten the tunes. I knew a song called "The Bandolero," but I felt that it was hardly the sort of work Markham had in mind, and in any case it was a fiery, dramatic affair; I really felt in no mood to fling myself into the thing with anything like abandon. It occurred to me, however, that perhaps the composition of a short poem might have much the same effect as a song. Since I had never attempted such a thing before, I decided to begin by examining a well-known work and trying to discover how the author had obtained his effects. I chose Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud," since it happened to be well known to me.

I soon found that what Wordsworth says, stripped to the bone, amounts to this: he saw the daffodils while taking a solitary walk beside a lake, computed their number at ten thousand and noted that the effect was essentially comic. He asserts finally that he has since obtained keen satisfaction from re-creating the sight mentally whilst in bed. I could not help feeling that with a little determination I should do as well.

What had Wordsworth added to this bare outline? He had compared himself to a cloud and the daffodils to the Milky Way. Why? In the first case because he wanted a rhyme for "crowd." Had he chosen the word "heron," for example, as being equally suitable, he would have had to alter the whole structure of the work and would probably have found himself, while emotionally white-hot, floundering awkwardly among miserable half-rhymes, such as "melon" and "felon." As to the comparison of the daffodils with the Milky Way, I



"May I see your ticket again, sir?"

felt convinced that Wordsworth had racked his brains for a simile, only to conclude that the flowers looked, in fact, like nothing so much as a crowd of daffodils. Something had to be done, and this comparison was the result.

I now began to consider why Wordsworth had chosen the daffodils as a suitable subject for his poem, and it was not long before I realized that here again the possibilities of rhyme would influence his decision. It might well be that during his walk he had seen and admired a fine mountain ash. He would recollect this while musing in his study, but before rushing headlong into his first stanza he would shrewdly consider the suitability of his subject word from a rhyming point of view. I could not help feeling that the words "bash," "hash" and "cash" would do little to encourage him to persevere.

Now, for the word "daffodils" there are a great many rhymes—some certain to be useful, as, for example, "rills," "fills," "ills"; others a little doubtful, like "bills," "pills," "grills"; and finally words in which the accent falls awkwardly and the sense of which is alien to the intended atmosphere, yet which might in the hands of a genius be made to serve some desperate turn—I have in mind such words as "mandrills," "handbills" and so on. When Wordsworth chose the daffodils for his subject, therefore, he was playing for safety. He could not foresee at this stage, not having put pen to paper, that he would need no more than two rhymes—"hills" and "fills."

In one respect at any rate I was fairly confident that I could improve on my model—I refer to the thought about the mental picture of the daffodils with which Wordsworth had ended his poem. Here I was fairly certain that he had simply jotted down the first thing that came into his head. It seemed to me that greater strength and sincerity would be gained by introducing some thought not springing directly from the subject but from a lifetime's ponderings on some matter perhaps quite unconnected with it. For a good many years I

had been convinced that cold, dry weather was not, as is popularly supposed, healthy but quite the reverse. Now, assuming that I took as my subject a clump of wild raspberry canes which I had passed during my walk down the river, had I the skill to fuse this thought into my last stanza in a natural way?

At this point my musings were interrupted by the approach of Hamper, a fellow angler. I greeted him cheerily.

"Too, too, too," he replied.

This was one of Hamper's peculiarities, a sort of half-gasp, half-whistle. It is said that Dr. Johnson had the same habit.

I explained that I was at work on a short poem.

"Perhaps you would care to work out one of the similes?" I suggested.

"Too, too, too."

There was a pause, and I began to fear that I had offended Hamper by offering him so small a share of the work.

"I'm sorry, Hamper," I said gently. "Perhaps you would be

good enough to undertake *both* similes."

"D'you know Lilyholm?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," I said. "It's that long pool—"

"Flogged it from end to end. Not a touch."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Now about the similes. It's a question of comparing a clump of raspberry canes to something else, and at the same time trying to bring out the idea that dry, cold weather is not healthy at all but dangerous, especially for old people."

Plop!

"That's a fish!" exclaimed Hamper, rising excitedly to his feet.

Within the next half-hour I had hooked and landed three fine sea-trout, and in my excitement I forgot all about the poem. It was not until a week ago that I was reminded of it, when I came upon a page of my notebook headed "The Wild Raspberry Canes."

I still think I could have made something of it.

T. S. WATT



"We can't decide whether it's the creative urge or his destructive nature."

LARGER THAN LIFE

"BUT I've never told anyone a story in my life," my friend Michael protested.

"Then you can start now. The kids won't go to sleep until you have."

Michael asked "But what about? What do I know that interests little boys of two or whatever they are?"

"They're eight and seven respectively," I told him; "and if you can't dope out a five-minute story to please two unfortunate children then I can only say that my opinion of you will go down very seriously." I shepherded him up the stairs. "Tell them something exciting," I prompted. "Something they can imagine happening to themselves—realistic, if you see what I mean, but a good deal larger than life."

"You'd much better tell the story yourself," Michael grumbled.

"Too late now." I sat him down in the bedroom arm-chair and announced to the boys that Uncle Michael was about to tell them the story they had asked for. An extremely long silence followed.

"What's it going to be about, Uncle Michael?" the elder boy asked politely.

Michael cleared his throat and took the plunge. "Once upon a time," he began, "once upon a—er—time, there were two boys called Peter and Tommy who lived in a bedroom at Number 243 Pavilion Mews."

The children, who lived at the same address, were able to identify the characters immediately. "This is going to be *smashing*," the younger one forecast.

"And one day," Michael went on, encouraged, "they got so bored with just living in a bedroom and coming out occasionally to go to school or have supper or wash that they decided to run away to sea."

"Ah!" breathed both the children.



"This is easier than I thought it was going to be," Michael observed in my direction. "So," he went on, "they—er—they went into the larder with an enormous suitcase and filled it up with things like bread-and-butter and cheese and tea and condensed milk and—"

"And cold turkey," suggested the elder boy.

"And trifle."

"And tinned tomato soup."

"And oranges."

"Yes," Michael agreed, "all of those; and then they went to their daddy's desk and took out a hundred pounds in small change that they found lying in a drawer—"

"Do you think—" I interrupted.

"Larger than life," Michael reminded me, "you said. It was what their daddy was keeping for the gas-meter. And then they went to Liverpool Street in a taxi and got on a train for Harwich, which was double-headed by two A2 Class Pacifics and arrived at the other end in twelve minutes less than the previous record time."

The boys were enchanted. I went out to make the coffee.

After ten minutes, when I thought Michael would have had enough, I returned. The two boys were sitting up with their eyes popping out of their heads, and Michael was leaning back in his chair, his gaze fixed languidly on the ceiling and his finger-tips together in the attitude of Sherlock Holmes deep in thought.

"—and just as the pirates disappeared over the horizon," he was saying, "leaving a crimson trail of blood behind them all the way to Juan les Pins, a powerful white motor-launch flying the flag of H.M. Customs appeared from the opposite direction and hailed our heroes, 'Skylark ahoy!' shouted the Chief Customs Officer; and then they hove to, if that's what I mean, and apliced the mainbrace while they were safely outside the three-mile limit."

"Ooh!" said the boys happily.

"Then the Chief Customs Officer went on board the *Skylark* in a



bosun's chair, and, wringing the hand of each boy in turn, he said 'I want to congratulate you both on beating the pirates single-handed like this, it really is a jolly good show, and now I'm going to escort you back to Harwich, because the owner of the *Skylark* wants it back to go fishing in.' So they sailed off to Harwich in convoy, and when they got there there was a hell of—an enormous great crowd waiting to welcome them, headed by the owner of the *Skylark* and an escort of mounted police and the President of the Juvenile Court."

There was a long pause, and Michael stood up.

"What happened then?" the elder boy asked hopefully.

"Then," Michael said—"then they were taken to the Juvenile Court by the mounted police and charged with theft and barratry and bottomry and piracy on the high seas and failing to stick enough stamps on their insurance cards, and sent to an approved school for three years each."

"I mean ten years," he amended as we left the boys' room in a startled silence.

"You told me," Michael said as we went down to our coffee, "that it had to be realistic but larger than life, and that's exactly how it was."

B. A. YOUNG

SPORTING GROUPS

STOP for a moment and mark the impressive picture
they made
Carefully grouped in the laurels in front of the
Library wall;
With their splendidly tasselled caps, and their jackets
gay with braid,
And, becomingly modest, their captain nursing a cup
or a ball—
Sepia-coloured immortals, slowly beginning to fade
As this last sign of their triumph gathers the dust
in the Hall.

Do they remember now the matches they used to
play,
The still lemonade from the tuckshop, cool and sharp
to the tongue,
The wagonettes they chartered when the school was
playing away,
The venetian-blinded villas their lives were spent
among,
Comfortable gas-lit kitchens bright at the end of the
day,
And muffins for tea by the fire in a world that was
always young!

Does the anell of a tin of dubbin bring back the
memory yet
Of training runs in the twilight as autumn nights
grew cold,
The hip-baths in the pavilion, the windows steamy
and wet,
The terrible songs they sang, the deplorable jokes
they told!
Does the sight of a rosewood camera tease them with
vague regret
Till they slam the door of their memory, unhappy
and grown old!

Yet here they are heroes for ever, of ring or field or
track,
Solemn and shy and still, and happily unaware
That nothing else has remained of the years that will
never come back
But eleven boys in a photograph, with stiffly
macassared hair,
Thin legs in thick black stockings and singlets trimmed
with black,
Proud as they sat and shivered in the early-morning
air.



"I've just been reading a rather interesting little book about how people used to trade by barter."



"That was lucky—getting through the Customs so easily."



"You'll have to excuse the mess—we've got the painters in."



"No, sir, it ain't gale-force till the tree touches the dust."

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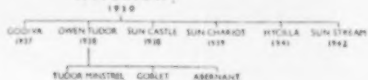
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She scorned his feeble efforts. She could do far better.

Antony laughed. Cleopatra bridled, saying that for supper she would consume food and drink costing sixty million sesterces — one-and-one-half million pounds. Confident, he challenged her boast with a great wager.

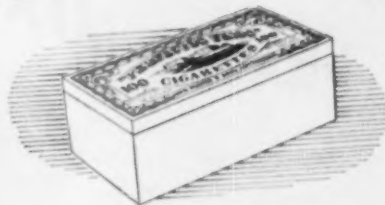
Later, when they had eaten, Cleopatra took a cruet of sharp vinegar. From her ear she plucked a pearl — the richest pearl the world had ever known — and dropped it in the vinegar. It dissolved. And, in consummation of this simple supper, she drank it off. Before she could reach for the other priceless pearl, she was judged the winner.

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shrewd
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he's far from well
But the motorist
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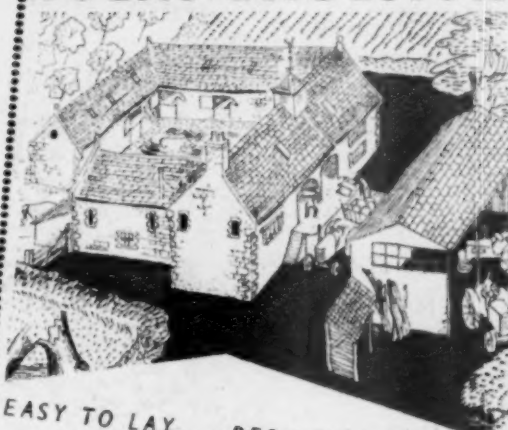


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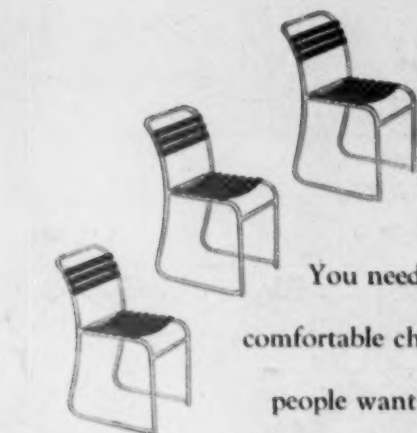
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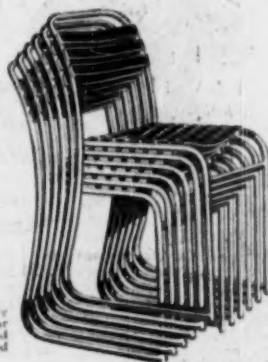


listen, but when the space is
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you are **GLAD TO SEE**
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—as you can with Pel Nesting
Chairs which stand in a corner
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The model shown is RP66. There are many different designs in strong, but light, tubular steel, either chromium plated or rust proofed and stove enamelled. Ask for illustrated leaflet.

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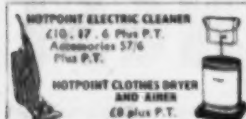
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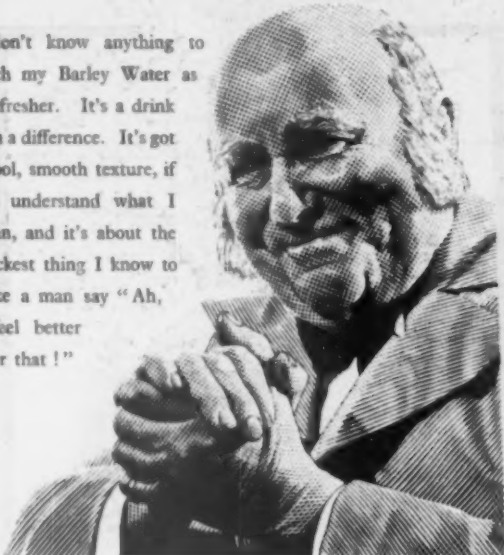
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1086.. and all this

Whoever catalogued Hadley for the Domesday Book didn't find much: "In demeane (he says), is one ox-team and two serfs, and eight bordars (who were even worse-off than serfs) with half a team... there is a mill here of 2s... in the time of King Edward the manor was worth 37s., now 15s. Rainald found it waste."

That was in 1086. By 1950, things have looked up. A modern Chronicler would have plenty to record at Hadley. First would come a description of Sankey's Hadley Castle Works and a long list of their products—wheels (Sankey's are the biggest wheel makers in England), steel pressings, welded components, chassis frames, agricultural implements, metal trim, metal furniture and a host of component parts into the bargain. Then a note to the effect that Sankey's today have the facilities and the experience to undertake large-scale steelwork of all kinds. That's a postscript to Domesday well worth remembering.

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Telephone: 500 Wellington, Shropshire. Telegrams: Sankey, Wellington, Shropshire.

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BRAT 3/50



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BRITISH SEAGULL
The best Outboard Motor in the World

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"Everything about it has distinction"

Writing of the Mark V Jaguar in the *Daily Mail*, Courtenay Edwards says:—
"Everything about it, the feel of it, the way it goes, the way it sounds and the way it looks has distinction! Its engine is as docile in city streets as it is impatiently fast on the open road... I particularly liked the new steering which is light, positive, self-centring and free from road shocks. It corners like a racing car yet the springing with extra long torsion bars for the independent front suspension gives a delightfully smooth ride."

Jaguar

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD



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No one can measure the relief felt by a mother on hearing the doctor's reassuring words. Even the most carefully cherished baby can pick up an infection, and it is then that the strength of the child is tested to the limit.

The resistance to the many ailments that can and do attack young babies is, however, powerful indeed if the child has been given a substitute food made with infinite care and meticulous attention under the direction of medical experts, and the opposite is unfortunately also true.

The makers of Cow & Gate, during some forty years' experience, have always rigidly refused to compromise with cost at the expense of quality, being fully aware of their great responsibility.

No true mother will ever agree to an economy for her baby which might cause regret in later life. Insist, therefore, on COW & GATE and thus be sure that your child is equipped with stamina in babyhood, and perfect health with which to face the future.

Buy a tin of COW & GATE to-day and be proud of "That Cow & Gate Look." Twelve Royal Babies have already been fed on this Food of Kings.



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The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

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We're taking home
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"THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS"

it's so appetising

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This combination of nation-wide distribution and close supervision ensures that your Whitbread reaches you in perfect condition, wherever you may be. Try some today.

PERFECT BREWING

PERFECT BOTTLING

by WHITBREAD



AUNT
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— still dependent on Voluntary Gifts & Legacies —



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this
MARMITE



WOMEN who know Marmite find themselves turning to it day after day, for sandwiches, soups, stews and all savoury dishes. There's so much you can do with MARMITE—AND IT DOES SO MUCH FOR GOOD COOKING.

for better cooking **EVERY** day

Sold in Jars: 1 oz. 8d. 2 oz. 1/1 4 oz. 2/- 8 oz. 3/3 16 oz. 5/9

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& Palmers
*the first name
you think of in*

Biscuits





Take a KROPP to it!

You only get one chin per lifetime, so take good care of it—take a Krop to it! You'll get a closer, cleaner, smoother shave and your Krop will last as long as you do. Price 15/2 (inc. tax) a Krop open razor is the perfect shaving instrument, hand-forged from finest Sheffield Steel. Send 2½d. stamp for brochure 160.

KROPP—the razor for the perfect shave

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Whisky
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Max. Retail Price as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Assn. 23.4 per bot. and 12.8 per half-bot.

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Limited supplies of the world famous ETERNA protected precision watches are again available at high-class watchmakers. The man's model (No. 102), illustrated, has a stainless steel case, gilt hands and silvered dial with raised figures, and a 15-jewels shock absorbing movement. It costs £13. 11. 2.

Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only): ROBERT PRINGLE & SONS 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1



M.C.C.
163
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PHENIX
168
NOT OUT

CRICKET CODES AND CUSTOMS, since the M.C.C. was established in 1787, have changed only to meet the requirements of the game as it has developed technically and spread geographically. Five years earlier the "Phoenix" started a career which has kept in step with sociological and other changes, and is now approaching its double century.

PHENIX ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
PHENIX HOUSE, KING WILLIAM ST. LONDON EC4.



RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

In today's world of changing values the value of a good tobacco remains constant and complete and is indeed to be prized among the graver pleasures. There can be no substitute. Such a tobacco is Rattray's 7 Reserve. It owes its rich mellow fullness to the unburied and skilful hands of craftsmen grown old in the service of blending carefully selected leaf. For cool and satisfying smoking 7 Reserve is clearly indicated and is forasmuch fully appreciated by those who keep their pipes within reach throughout the waking hours. Hourly devotion does not impair its fragrance or render the palate innocuous to its charm.

A customer writes from WAKEFIELD:

"I enclose an order for one pound of 7 Reserve—the best tobacco obtainable today."

To be obtained ONLY from:

CHARLES RATTRAY
Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

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Instantly ready for any spot check. The Elcometer has found ready acceptance amongst buyers and producers of hollow-ware, enamelled and plated goods, etc. Placed on the surface, the Elcometer shows up discrepancies to ±.5%, ±.0001 ins. and will also measure thickness of any non-magnetic film.

High or low reading scales are required.

Write for descriptive leaflet!



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EAST LANCASHIRE CHEMICAL CO. LIMITED
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Fill a Sparklets Syphon with water, "charge" it with a Sparklets Bulb—and instantly a syphon of fresh zesty "soda" is yours! You're never without "soda" with a Sparklets Syphon—refilling takes only a few moments. Distinctive . . . handsome . . . in chromium with red, green or black relief, the Streamline model harmonizes with any surroundings.

Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d.

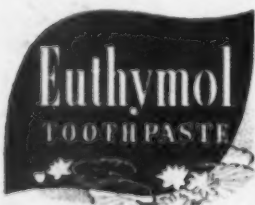
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Ask your chemist or stores for particulars or write for illustrated leaflet to Dept. B.2 SPARKLETS LTD LONDON N.18

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Refillable SYPHONS



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Morning
Freshness*



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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PLAYER'S NO. 3
The Quality Cigarette

[SP 977]

Good Cars deserve
LODGE
SPARKING PLUGS
*others
need them*

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to match
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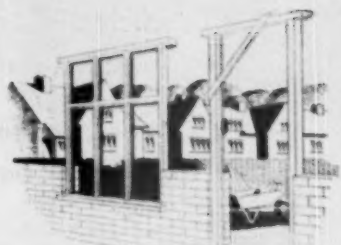
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The roofing of the Extension

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area 70,000 square yards

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Architect: Howard Saunders & Partners

174

An advertisement for Crown Wallpapers. It features a large, stylized scroll that unrolls across the frame. The scroll contains the text: "No finer wallpaper is obtainable anywhere in the world". Below the scroll, the brand name "Crown WALLPAPERS" is written in a bold, serif font. At the bottom left, there is a small logo for "WPM product" and the text "The Wall Paper Manufacturers Limited". The background consists of vertical stripes.

**"Now
she insists
on
helping us"**



Crippled, out of work, utterly tired of life, she knocked at the door of a Salvation Army Hostel. Matron took her in, later giving her a case of needles, wool, cotton and other things to sell. In the course of time she was not only paying her way but had saved £20 in the Post Office. And then—she insisted on giving £10 of her savings

towards a radio that was badly needed by the Hostel. She's a very happy person now, and life at last has a meaning for her.

We are continually dealing with such cases in our hostels. We know we could still do more. To keep a man or woman for a month costs £10. More funds, and more hostels, are needed. We already have the plans; will you help us—by donation or legacy—to find the money? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

**The
Salvation Army**

101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.3



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for fitness
is in the feet"**

Herbert Barker

SIR HERBERT BARKER has been acknowledged the greatest expert in manipulative surgery in any age. Early in his career he satisfied himself that most cases of foot deformation were caused by ill-fitting shoes. That is why he designed these shoes for himself, and was afterwards persuaded by the

Norvic Shoe Company to make them available for everybody.

Every shoe carries Sir Herbert's facsimile signature.

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes are obtainable from appointed Agents. Write to Department 27, Norvic Shoe Co. Ltd., Northampton, for the name of your nearest supplier.

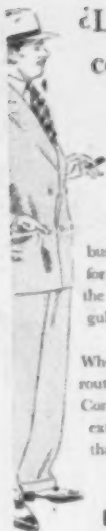
Sir Herbert Barker Shoes

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A DAY FOR FIGURE
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*Simple Self-massage invention will soon
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You can have a slim, trim figure—you can regain the light step of youth without wearing yourself out with physical jerks. Massage is the key—massage of the vital muscles of the abdomen, on whose strength and tone your figure, carriage and digestion depend. Now a simple self-massage invention—the Rallie Health Belt—makes it easy to give yourself the benefits of abdominal massage.

READ WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY

"Ingenious appliance . . . affords gentle massage to the abdominal muscles" says *The Lancet*. "Should prove invaluable to the man or woman of middle age whose figure has begun to spread" says *The Medical World*.

GLORIOUS FEELING OF WELL-BEING
A few minutes daily with your



The pulling strands contract and relax the 'Rallie' Massage Apparatus alternately, exercising abdominal muscles, and massaging internal organs.



The 'Rallie' Massage Apparatus shown with the pulling strands extended. The device is for men and women of all ages.

Rallie Health Belt gives you gentle massage that is wonderfully exhilarating—and every movement helps to tone and strengthen all-important muscles, to restore a sagging waistline, to slim away unwanted flesh easily, naturally. The Rallie Health Belt is not a corset, nor an ordinary belt for constant wear. It is especially designed for abdominal massage and worn only while exercising. It is equally suitable for men and women.

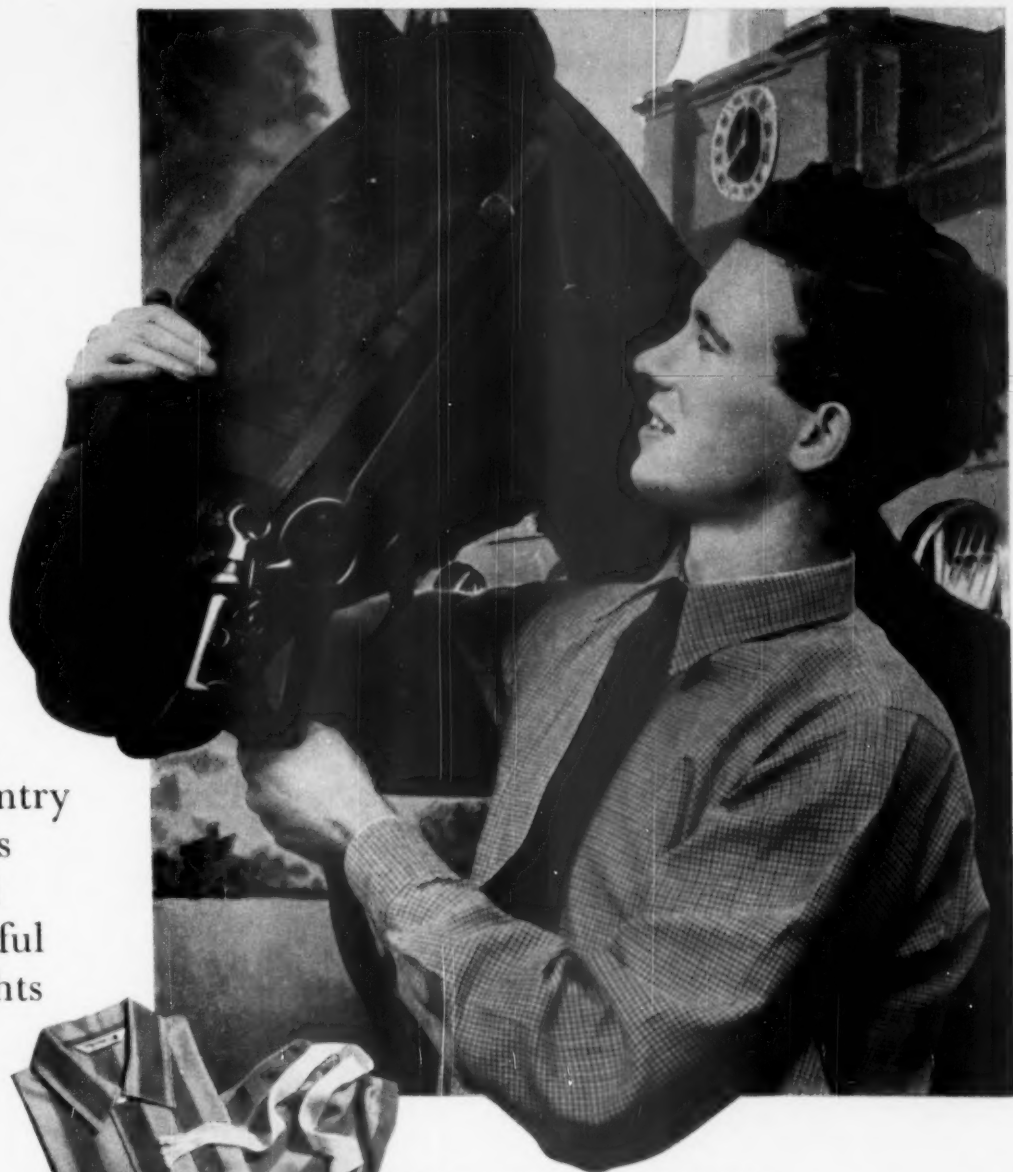
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